

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1256.—June 27, 1868.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|-----|
| 1. LORD BROUGHAM, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 771 |
| 2. COFFEE AUCTIONS OF THE DUTCH TRADING COMPANY, | <i>Contemporary Review</i> , | 775 |
| 3. OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE. PART VII. | <i>Sunday Magazine</i> , | 778 |
| 4. PARTIAL DEAFNESS, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 791 |
| 5. THE NEW SCIENCE—ATOMECHANICS, | <i>Mining Journal</i> , | 792 |
| 6. "ECCE HOMO : " SECOND LETTER FROM A GERMAN CLERGYMAN, | <i>Sunday Magazine</i> , | 794 |
| 7. FREDRIKA BREMER : Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works. Edited by her Sister, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 803 |
| 8. A STUDY OF TENNYSON, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 804 |
| 9. LUCRETIVS : A POEM BY MR. TENNYSON, | <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , | 808 |
| 10. THE PSALMS CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED : NEW VERSION, | <i>Spectator</i> , | 811 |
| 11. THE STARRING SYSTEM IN LITERATURE, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 814 |
| 12. MR. DICKENS'S RETURN, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 817 |
| 13. POETESSES—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI—EMILY BRONTË, | <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 819 |
| 14. AUSTRIA AND POLAND, | <i>Examiner</i> , | 822 |
| 15. THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM, | <i>Punch</i> , | 824 |

. Title and Index to Vol. 97.

POETRY.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|--|-----|
| THE CHILD'S CONFESSION, | 770 | HOME, SWEET HOME ! (The Medium), | 801 |
| A DOUBTER'S HYMN, | 770 | THE FAIRY'S RESCUE, | 801 |
| ECHOES, | 790 | THE CITY PIGEONS, | 801 |
| RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, | 793 | GREATNESS TESTED BY LITTLE THINGS, | 810 |

SHORT ARTICLES.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|---|-----|
| SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER, | 774 | ANECDOTE OF DR. HAWKS, | 810 |
| DEATH OF LORD BROUGHAM, | 775 | ACTION OF PUTRID MATERIAL, | 816 |
| GEMS OF LITERATURE, | 807 | LIME AND LEMON JUICE FOR SHIPS, | 824 |
| BARON HAUSMANN, | 807 | | |

JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE :

LINDA TRESSSEL, by the Author of Nina Balatka. Price 38 cts.
ALL FOR GREED, by the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY. Price 38 cts.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE :

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT.
THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY, by CHARLES LEVER.
OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE, by EDWARD GARRETT.
PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER, by MR. TROLLOPE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 38 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 96 " 240 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars ; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy ; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10 ; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

THE CHILD'S CONFESSION.

THERE went a little scholar
With slow and lagging feet
Towards the great church portal
That opened on the street.

Without, the sun was shining;
Within, the air was dim;
He caught a waft of incense,
A dying note of hymn.

He drew the crimson curtain,
And cast a look inside,
To where the sunbeam lightened
The form of Him who died,
Between St. John and Mary
On roodloft crucified.

The curtain fell behind him,
He stood a little while,
Then signed him with the water,
And rambled down the aisle.

Behind a great brown pillar
The scholar took his stand,
And trifled with the ribbon
Of the satchel in his hand.

His little breast was beating;
His blue eyes brimming o'er;
Like April rains, his tears
Fell spangling on the floor.

An aged priest was passing;
He noticed him, and said,
"Why, little one, this weeping,
This heavy hanging head?"

"My father, O my father!
I've sinned," said the child,
"And have no rest of conscience
Till I am reconciled.

Then list to my confession" —
He louted on his knee —
"The weight of my transgression
Weighs heavily on me."

But then a burst of weeping
And sobs his utterance broke,
The priest could not distinguish
A single word he spoke.

In vain were all his efforts,
For wildly tossed his breast;
He could not still the tumult,
With hands upon it pressed.

Then said the pastor gently,
"You have a little slate;
Write on it the confession
You are powerless to relate."

The child his satchel opened,
And strove his sins to note,
But still the tear-drop dribbled,
As busily he wrote.

Now when the tale was finished,
He held it to the priest
With sigh, as from the burden
He felt himself released.

The old man raised the tablet
To read what there was set,
But could not, for the writing
Was blotted with the wet.

Then turned the aged confessor
Towards the kneeling boy,
With countenance all shining
In rapture of pure joy.

"Depart in peace, forgiven,
Away with doubting fears!
Thy sins have all been cancelled
By the torrent of thy tears."

A DOUBTER'S HYMN.

GOD of the Heart! whose love immense
In each of us half quenched unscen
Darts its pure light at times between
The prison bars of sin and sense,

We know Thou art, for there did move,
In guise of mortal nature, One,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Whose life and death were naught but love.

Durst we, then, hope that we, who plod
Up the steep path of wrong or right,
Yet bear within our hearts a light,
The earnest of the perfect God?

GOD of the Mind! whose power is given
To some of us in part to trace
The glories of Thy hidden face,
The secrets of the earth and heaven,

No man hath ever known Thee quite;
We pant, O God! we pant to find
Some great apostle of the mind,
To lift the veil and show us light.

But no; by turns we fling away
Each faithless guide, and learn that he
Who fain would pierce the mystery,
Himself must grope to find the day.

And must we then in doubt and fear
Watch on, watch ever for each star
That glimmers on us faint and far,
And know the dawn will not appear?

And is the dream that human kind
Is marching on from age to age,
To claim its perfect heritage,
Mere vision of an idle mind?

We know not, but for him, we know,
Who loveth and who prayeth well,
Some flash of God's own truth shall quell
The doubts that bow his spirit low.

Then bate not what thou hast of breath;
In thee hath dwelt, and yet shall dwell,
O man! a love that knows not Death,
And reaches past the grasp of Hell.

In thee shall dwell, it may befall,
The knowledge of the truth of things,
The mind to hold high communings
With Him who is the Cause of all.

From the Spectator, 16 May.

LORD BROUGHAM.

PROBABLY the hugest human phenomenon of our century has passed away in the death of Lord Brougham. He was the Demiurgus of Liberalism during the early part of the century, and brooded over the various germs of intellectual, moral, and political innovation, widely scattered and much needed in that day, with a rich fecundity of result the benefits of which the present generation are by no means likely ever adequately to appreciate. He was in restless energy rather a hundred men than one, and, moreover, for all the unity of design, — the intellectual unity, — that he gave to the various branches of his political activity, he might really have been a hundred men not even bound up in one. By this, we mean that his energy in one department did not so interpenetrate and flavour his energy in others as to make one feel its individual origin and singleness of conception. There was rough force, extraordinary vitality, immense vigour of handling in all he did; but the scientific mind never betrayed itself in the statesman; the judicial mind scarcely gleamed out in the biographer or historian; the metaphysician was hardly seen in the lawyer; nor even the popular leader in the constitutional theorist. Brougham was a big miscellany of useful forces, in which the modern doctrines of correlation, — the doctrine that any one form of force is absolutely interchangeable with every other, — could by no means be detected. True, the measure of his restless strength was nearly the same in every direction; but there was little trace of co-ordination and reciprocal influence among the various departments of his wonderfully miscellaneous energy. Like a besom, his multitudinous intelligence was composed of an immense number of almost equally strong fibres, with which it was possible to sweep a great surface of ground greatly in need of such sweeping; but the bond between these fibres seemed to be rather the comparatively mechanical one of a common sheath or socket in the same energetic character, than that perfect permeation of one faculty or acquirement by all the others which goes to make up what is called the highest culture of accomplished men. He wrote freely and at large on education, history, biography, law, science, natural theology, every branch of politics; he wrote on one branch of classical study, the oratory of Greece and Rome, with as much shrewdness and minuteness of treatment as he ever devoted to any subject of study; he published at least one anonymous

romance; and he spoke probably much more even than he wrote; but while he never touched a subject in his earlier days without leaving the impression of force behind him, there is scarcely a single speech or writing of Lord Brougham's except, perhaps, speeches of a purely professional character, like that on Queen Caroline, which would carry with it the sense of completeness, exhaustiveness, perfection. Indeed, he might have sanely said of himself what the man in the Gospels said insanely, — that his name was Legion. Legion as a reformer in an age when almost everything is wrong, may be all the more useful for his multiplicity of inchoate energies; and no group of men, even though combining Brougham's various powers, could have done so much to bring home to the public the manifoldness of the mischiefs under which England groaned, and of the remedies for which it craved, as the single reformer Brougham; for his name was a thread which united in the popular imagination the various topics of which he treated. But such a one, though the best of all reformers to stir public indignation at the rank crop of evils, is not the one best fitted to perfect the cure even of any; and the movements which Brougham's hundred-handed genius started, it needed minds of a more limited but also more finely chiselled type to mature. Nothing impresses one more in the career of this wonderful man than that he never gained by age a single compensation for the loss of the force of youth. He lost in impetus without gaining in judgment. He lost in versatility without gaining in accuracy. He lost in fire without gaining in serenity. He lost in intensity without gaining in comprehensiveness. He lost in bitterness without gaining in suavity. Finally, he lost in terror without gaining in command. The great advantage of age over youth is in the power it acquires of co-ordinating all its acquisitions, and turning variety of experience into moral wisdom. But Lord Brougham's huge and multitudinous energies seem to have been too hasty ever to have furnished his inner spirit with the materials for this large moral assimilation. As his moral nature never gained that mild and venerable benignity which is so great a charm of old age, so his intellectual nature never gained the lucid and temperate power of impressive survey, which is its greatest privilege. The one often exists without the other, as, for example, in Brougham's great contemporary, Lord Lyndhurst, who had the last in all its splendour; but Brougham displayed neither. His latest efforts in the annual addresses to

the Social Science Association showed the mere flickering flame of former vigour, without a glimpse of any milder and larger wisdom. Here and there the old sarcasm flashed out. Here and there the old power of physically crushing, as with an almost muscular compression of the will, would excite admiration for the old man's lingering might. But for the most part the vital energy had disappeared from the sentences, which trailed a slow length of words along, without any vestige of that great constricting force which once made up for their inordinate volume. While Brougham was engaged in the uphill struggle against blind and obdurate authority he was great, he was Titanic. When he had won his battle and presided over the execution of the policy for which he had fought, he was less than many an ordinary mortal. In denouncing and exposing the disorder he was almost superhuman. In restoring and expounding order he was not even distinguished. He had not the tranquillity of nature requisite to organize and create. His mind reeked with the smoke and passion of battle.

How deep did the true Liberal spirit really reach in Lord Brougham's nature? That he believed with all his mind, and soul, and strength, in the value of popular education, in the blessing of "diffusing useful knowledge;" that he wished to make it really universal; that he carried away from the Scotch University, in which his first intellectual impulses were moulded, something like a pure enthusiasm for the new sciences which were just then taking shape and opening a wide vista of discovery to the great mathematicians, chemists, and electricians of the age, no one who knows Lord Brougham's "Lives of the Literary Men of George III.'s Time" can doubt for an instant. There is, to our minds, nothing in all Lord Brougham's voluminous and fatiguing compositions half so noble and touching as the passage in which he recalls, with a sort of passion of tenderness, his old boyish delight in Dr. Black's lectures on chemistry, especially the lecture in which the venerable professor used to rehearse the great discovery of his youth as to "fixed air," — the combinations, namely, into which air could enter with solid substances. Lord Brougham's style, usually so wanting in grace, and delicacy, and serenity, and transparency, attracts to itself almost all those qualities as he delineates the rekindled enthusiasm of the lonely, gentle, old man, with his neat-handed experiments and his scientific relics, — the carefully preserved instruments of his great scientific

triumph, — going back to the first moment in which a new chemical truth had flashed itself upon his mind. Lord Brougham says, and we imagine truly, that there was no recollection of his life towards which he yearned more often and more ardently than to that first love of science which was most closely associated with Black's lecture-room. And though he had not himself either the patience or the peace of the scientific mind, though he was formed for the heat of battle, it is quite certain that he loved all knowledge and science, and that he believed to the bottom of his soul in the duty of diffusing it through the whole people. So far at least he was a lover of light and a true Liberal. Whether we can honestly say that he was in the same profound sense a lover of liberty, we feel the gravest doubt. He fought early, and passionately, of course, against exclusion of all kinds. He denounced slavery with all his force. He assailed religious bigotry with immense power. But it is one thing for a young man to become the spokesman of the rising popular feeling, and to fling himself with eagerness and delight into the thick of a battle which he feels in every nerve must be, before long, the winning side, and another to entertain that deep love for the principles involved which will keep him true to them through ill report as well as good, when his old friends are deserting him. We do not believe that Lord Brougham had this sort of love of liberty, nor even that he understood how essential a condition of greatness of character moral liberty, — of which political liberty is the natural condition, — is. He certainly joined the hue and cry in favour of the Southern Slave States in his old age; and denounced the conduct of the greatest struggle of our days by the greatest man of our days, with a flash of his old arrogance and malevolence. And in his bitter and sincere opposition to religious intolerance he seems to have been animated less by a deep reverence for religion, than by the lawyer's and man of the world's indifference to it. Intellectually, Lord Brougham was a true Liberal. Morally and politically he was no more than a true hater of restrictions of which he did not see the use.

Lord Brougham's great political weapon, the spear which was "like a weaver's beam" with which he terrified the armies he opposed and overcame, was his wonderful power of hatred, and his subtlety of expression whenever he could allow hatred its full swing. He had a new power of language whenever this impulse came into action. To take a very small instance, he

calls some one, in his anonymous novel *Albert Lunel*—in which almost all the characters are French disguises of his own English contemporaries,—“a compound, or rather a *compost*, of affectations, selfishness, and false sentiment.” What can be more effective than the substitution there of the word “compost” for “compound,”—just conveying the impression of thick and sticky pomade? But to get a measure of the full power of Brougham’s language take any of his diatribes against George IV.,—this, for instance, in that sketch of him which he inserted among his “Statesmen of the Reign of George III.” He had been describing George’s treatment of his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, during the first year of their marriage. At the end of it

“the ‘first gentleman of his age’ was pleased under his own hand to intimate that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart; and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishment of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connection, even if their only child should die; he added, with a moving piety, ‘which God forbid!’ in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation thus delicately effected made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was that, *instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one-half its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.*”

In the two sentences we have italicized, at all events in the first of them, Brougham’s ferocity of contempt blazes out in its full power. Sometimes, we think it a little overreaches itself in grasping after new forms of reiteration, and we fancy that in the latter of these sentences there is a flavour of extravagance which rather injures the intensity. Vanity, which was terribly strong in Brougham,—perhaps as strong as any hate,—now and then weakened the intellectual expression of that hate. He makes his hero in *Albert Lunel* pray, in an agony of fear, “for omniscience and omnipresence,” that he may know what people are saying of him. We should imagine that the idea had actually suggested itself to his own mind, but that the fear was not fear of the kind which he imputes to his

hero. Lord Brougham’s immense power of attack may have been at times fed by his vanity. It was certainly, at times, greatly weakened,—rendered artificial and theatrical by the intensity of desire to kindle new admiration for his own power,—as, for instance, when he knelt theatrically to the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill.

Lord Brougham has left us a character of himself under the thin disguise of the Baron de Moulin, which illustrates this one of his defects, while exaggerating, we think, others of them, and it is so curious that we will extract it here. The character is introduced with a discussion of the Baron’s attentions to a great beauty, the wife of another:—

“‘But how did she and he go on? I suppose she relished him?’—‘As who does not? His various learning; his brilliant wit; his drollery, for it now soars to the Attic heights and now sweeps the Doric levels; his grave, serious, even severe, though God wot never ascetic moments; his liveliness, alternating with sarcasm, like the clouds which course along the sky, now hiding and now revealing the sun, now screening us from his glare, and now descending in tempests of thunder—all this must have made a strongish impression on a very clever woman, though he has absolutely none of the qualities which win the ordinary female mind; he is plain, nay, as near being ugly as any intelligent countenance will allow; he sings not, plays not, paints not, dances not; he neither hunts, nor hawks, nor shoots; he gambles not; and he dresses so that were he to appear in our *salons* at Paris, he must either serve a long noviciate, or attain high station, or make some happy hit that all can talk about—else success he never could have; add to all which, manners, though high enough bred, yet abrupt, a temper not under strict control, and as much pride as falls to one man’s share.’—‘Is he amiable in other respects?’ asked Lord Mornton; ‘for somehow he holds himself so much aloof, that the more one sees of him the less one knows of him.’—‘Amiable it is quite impossible any one can be with his hot temper, and the sin raging in him without control whereby our first parents fell. But he is also revengeful, and I should say could forgive more easily than he can forget.’—‘Do you hold him selfish?’—‘In the utmost sense of the word. I don’t mean to say he is incapable of generosity; he is of course generous, because he is proud, and cannot stoop to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, (*louis et lires*). He is munificent by force of being magnificent, would give to deserving objects rather than to others, but must give to some, that he may be above counting cost, and also make men feel grateful and dependent. But I think he despises, perhaps hates, all he confers favours upon.’”

The exaggerated vanity of the first part of

this description, which certainly overrates Brougham's social qualities, is again quite as evident in the exaggerated description of his pride and contempt for dependents, at its close. Lord Brougham evidently piqued himself on the romantic ruggedness of his own character, and forgot the most unromantic of all personal characteristics, vanity, in this Salvator-Rosa-like sketch of himself.

How curious and striking is the contrast between the genius of the two men who alone in this century have risen from the lowest to the highest point of political fame by the unaided force of their own talents and ambition,—Brougham and Disraeli. We should say that the great force of the one lay in his intellectual *carnality*,—if we may use the expression,—the absolute fusion of his passions and his intelligence,—the stimulus which ambition gave to thought, vanity to knowledge, contempt to *savoir-faire*, anger to insight, vindictiveness to reason,—so that his enemies often regarded him much as Demosthenes, with that exquisite acrimony which Brougham himself so keenly appreciated, regarded

Æschines, as a sort of political disease certain to break out afresh whenever any new malady weakened the nation's constitution. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, has risen to the top by the perfect "detachment" of his intellect from all personal passions, by his wonderful power of watching, from a position quite outside his own desires, what he can best do to forward them, and striking in, either without or with the appearance of resentment, as best suits his purpose, in the coolest spirit of generalship. But Brougham has at least one advantage over his still more successful contemporary. On Mr. Disraeli's fall we unfortunately cannot as yet philosophize; but we do know that he rose by casting out the little ballast of principle which he may possibly—we speak on mere hypothesis—at one time have possessed. Brougham's rise, on the contrary, was not due to any dereliction of principle, but *was* finally barred by his defects. He rose by the vehemence of his best sympathies; he fell by the outbreak of his worst frailties. He at least earned his success,—if he also earned the failure of his latter days.

SET YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER.—It is well known that Mr. Bright, for instance, in the House of Commons, is not called Mr. Bright, but the Honourable Member for Birmingham, and that he will, when Mr. Gladstone comes to be Prime Minister, very likely be called the Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is the rule of Parliament; and its observance, in the Lower House, is perfectly easy. In the House of Lords, however, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has pointed out, "confusion is, no doubt, sometimes occasioned by a reference to 'the noble Lord on the other side of the House, who followed the noble Earl on the cross benches in replying to the remarks of my noble friend behind me.'" This confusion might be prevented by adopting a method of personal reference which would involve nothing more than a slight sacrifice of dignity.

A very great humorist once, speaking in a convivial assembly which included some who were strangers to him, indicated one of them as "the gentleman with the foreign waistcoat and domestic countenance." Their Lordships the Peers might, in mentioning one another, adopt similar methods of description. They might particularize the noble Duke with the sandy hair, the noble Earl with the Roman nose, the right reverend Prelate with the red face, or the noble Lord who squints.

If any of these descriptions were found to give offence to Peers unable to take a joke, peculiari-

ties of attire or ornament might be adverted to instead of distinctions of form and feature. There could be nothing unpleasant in calling a Peer the noble Marquis in the white tie, or the noble Lord with the eye-glass. Mistakes would thus be effectually precluded, and noble Lords would be enabled to observe a maxim which all boys either born to or destined for seats in the High Court of Parliament, should be taught to write in their copy-books: "Avoid circumlocution."—*Punch*.

LORD BROUGHAM died, apparently in his sleep, at Cannes, on Thursday, the 8th inst. We have endeavoured elsewhere to sum up the force and feebleness of his public character, and have succeeded in disinterring from one of the scarcest of books, his suppressed novel, his own estimate of himself, an estimate which shows how strongly he prided himself on the ruggedness of his character, and the unpleasant abruptness of his manners. Lord Brougham had, we believe, lost the use of his memory some time before his death, and in the last few weeks of his life his mind was awake only for a few seconds at a time. An old acquaintance who called upon him about a month since was informed by his physician that one minute was the longest conversation he could be allowed to sustain.—*Spec-tator*, 16 May.

From the Contemporary Review.

Max Havelaar: or, The Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Company. By MULTATULI. Translated from the original manuscript by BARON ALPHONSE NAHULIS. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1868.

THIS is a remarkable book. Yet it is one which it is very hard for a foreign critic to judge of fairly. The translator tells us in his preface that it was "published a few years ago, and caused such a sensation in Holland as was never before experienced in that country." He compares it to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but sets the author—Edward Douwes Dekker, formerly Assistant-Resident of the Dutch Government in Java—far above Mrs. Stowe, as having "sacrificed future fortune, and all that makes life agreeable, for a principle—for right and equity." It is "immortal;" it will "do honour to the literature of any language;" it has been "written by a genius of that order which only appears at long intervals in the world's history." But distance is a dispassionate arbiter, and looked at from across the sea, the first impression which "Max Havelaar" produces is that of an attempt to blend in one a political pamphlet, a novel, and a collection of thoughts and opinions on things in general, which has spoilt all three. The pamphlet is high-toned and sincere, but is deprived of weight by the form adopted; the novel shows power, but loses interest through the intermixture of extraneous elements; the thoughts and opinions are often striking, but out of place. But after coming to such conclusions one feels that they are but platitudes, when the author, dismissing his personages with contempt, tells us that he will make no excuses for the form of his book; that he has simply written it to be read; that read he *will* be by statesmen, by men of letters, by merchants, by lady's-maids, by governors-general in retirement, by ministers, "by the lackeys of these excellencies, by mutes—who *more majorem* will say that I attack God Almighty where I attack only the god which they have made according to their own image—by the members of the representative chambers;" that "the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being heard will be so much the greater;"—when he threatens to translate his book into all European languages, till in every capital the refrain shall be heard, "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt;" if this fails, to translate it again

into Malay, Javanese, &c., and sharpen scimitars and sabres by warlike songs, so as to give "delivery and help, lawfully if possible, *lawfully with violence* if need be—and that would be very pernicious to the coffee auctions of the Dutch Trading Company!" Clearly, a man like this must be followed upon his own ground, measured by his own standard. Though he may be only a Dutch-built leviathan, still he is of the breed; there is no putting "an hook into his nose," or boring "his jaw through with a thorn;" no playing with him "as with a bird," nor binding him for our maidens.

The only true way of judging the book, then, is not to view it as a book, but to look upon both book and man as facts—very surprising and portentous facts, it would seem, to the Dutch nation, and surprising, too, to some other nations also. For it had gone forth to the whole world that the Dutch Government of Java of late years was a great success—anomalous indeed, in some respects, according to political economy, since it rested upon monopoly and regulated cultivation, but undeniable, unmistakable. To the Dutchman himself this was a tenet of positive faith, which he drank down afresh with every cupful of his Java coffee, which he saw confirmed day after day at the auctions of his great *Handelsmaatschappij*, or Trading Company, in which his king was known to be a leading shareholder. Foreign visitors confirmed these conclusions, English above all—amongst whom it will be sufficient to name Mr. Money, whose "Java" is little more than a panegyric on Dutch, as compared with British, India.

In the midst of this state of things a book like "Max Havelaar" would explode like a shell. Here was a man, speaking from seventeen years' official experience, who declared that the profit of the Trading Company "was only obtained by paying the Javanese just enough to keep him from starving;" that he was "driven away from his rice-fields" in order to cultivate other products which the Government compelled him to grow, and compelled him to sell to itself, at the price it fixed for itself; that famine was often the consequence, by which sometimes "whole districts were depopulated, mothers offered to sell their children for food, mothers ate their own children"—as in our own Orissa, alas!—that labour was habitually exacted without payment both by native and European officials, cattle and produce taken away by robbery and extortion; that "endless expeditions" were sent, and "heroic deeds performed,

against poor miserable creatures . . . reduced by starvation to skeletons . . . whose ill-treatment has driven them to revolt;" that European officials connived at wrong-doing, or were silent about it where they did not participate in it, knowing that an upright discharge of their duties would only bring on them reproof, disgrace, or ruin; that the official reports of the functionaries to the island Government, and those from the island to the mother country, were "for the greater and more important part untrue," the financial accounts ridiculously false; that a "mild and submissive" population "has complained year after year of tyranny," yet sees resident after resident depart without anything being ever done towards the redress of its grievances; that "the end of all this" would be a "Jacquerie."

The news in itself was startling, and the mode of delivering it was of a nature to make it more so. For a more stinging satire of the lower propensities of the Dutch character could hardly be conceived than that embodied in the Amsterdam coffee-broker, Batavus Drystubble, the supposed author of the work, the contrast between whom and the chivalrous, unworldly Havelaar is most powerfully brought out, though by very inartistic means. Overdone as the picture is, Batavus Drystubble certainly stands out as one of the most remarkable embodiments of money-grubbing Phariseism which literature has yet produced; and this, although the first sketch of the personage is far from consistent with his fuller portrait,—giving a curious instance, in fact, of the way in which a character may grow into life and truth in the author's own mind, if only steadily looked at. Nothing can be better hit off than Drystubble's firm rich man's faith that a poor man must be a scoundrel:—

"Mark that Shawlman. He left the ways of the Lord; now he is poor, and lives in a little garret: that is the consequence of immorality and bad conduct. He does not know what time it is, and his little boy wears knee breeches."

The *naïf* selfishness of this is equally masterly:—

"Why do they want buffaloes, those black fellows? I never had a buffalo, and yet I am contented; there are men who are always complaining. And as regards that scoffing at forced labour, I perceive that he had not heard that sermon of Domine Wavelaar's, otherwise he would know how useful labour is in the extension of the kingdom of God. It is true he is a Lutheran."

Add this touch also to the last:—

"I did not speak to him of the Lord, because he is a Lutheran; but I worked on his mind and his honour."

This again is terrible:—

"Wavelaar himself has said that God so directs all things that orthodoxy leads to wealth. 'Look only,' he said, 'is there not much wealth in Holland? That is because of the faith. Is there not in France every day murder and homicide? That is because there are Roman Catholics there. Are not the Javanese poor? They are Pagans. The more the Dutch have to do with the Javanese the more wealth will be here and the more poverty there.' I am astonished at Wavelaar's penetration; for it is the truth that I, who am exact in religion, see that my business increases every year, and Busselinck and Waterman, who do not care about God or the Commandments, will remain bunglers as long as they live. The Rosemeyers, too, who trade in sugar, and have a Roman Catholic maid-servant, had a short time ago to accept 27 per cent. out of the estate of a Jew who became bankrupt. The more I reflect the further I advance in tracing the unspeakable ways of God. Lately it appeared that thirty millions had been gained on the sale of products furnished by Pagans, and in this is not included what I have gained thereby, and others who live by this business. Is not that as if the Lord said,—'Here you have thirty millions as a reward for your faith?' Is not that the finger of God who causes the wicked one to labour to preserve the righteous one? Is not that a hint for us to go on in the right way, and to cause those far away to produce much, and to stand fast here to the true religion? Is it not, therefore, 'Pray and labour,' that we should pray and have the work done by those who do not know the Lord's Prayer? Oh, how truly Wavelaar speaks when he calls the yoke of God light! How easy the burthen is to every one who believes! I am only a few years past forty, and can retire when I please to Driebergen, and see how it ends with others who forsake the Lord."

Thackeray himself could not have surpassed this scathing page. It is immortal, come what may to the book which contains it.

Max Havelaar himself, though the conception of his character is a subtle one, and is on the whole well brought out—at once dreamy and practical, lavish and self-stinting, indulgent and rigid, irregular in his impulses, and yet bent on enforcing order—is of far less worth artistically than the coffee-broker, and there is a constant tendency to rhetorical self-assertion about him which one fears is characteristic of the writer himself. The plot is really too slight to be worth analyzing in detail; suffice it to say that Havelaar is an Assistant-Resident in Java, intent on doing justice, and who

thereby only brings disgrace upon himself. More than one such tale might be told from the records of British India; and it is indeed remarkable that the worst excesses which the book complains of are laid to the charge of the native officials, although the burden of the vicious system of government, with which the tolerance of their malpractices seems almost irretrievably bound up, lies of course with the European rulers.

Havelaar's random opinions, *de omnibus rebus*, are often full of quaint power and humour; as when he complains of guide-book measurements which require you to have so many "feet of admiration at hand not to be taken for a Turk or a bagman," or inveighs against cataracts because they tell him nothing:—

"They make a noise, but don't speak. They cry, 'rroo,' 'rroo,' 'rroo.' Try crying, 'rroo,' 'rroo,' for six thousand years or more, and you will see how few persons will think you an amusing man."

A full idea of the book cannot, however, be given without a sample of its pathos. Here is a perfectly exquisite piece of metreless poetry, which, if not translated from the Javanese, but the work of Mr. Douwes Dekker himself, is simply a nineteenth-century miracle:—

"I do not know when I shall die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast when I
was there with my father making salt.*
If I die at sea and my body is thrown into the
deep water, then sharks will come;
They will swim round my corpse, and ask,
'Which of us shall devour the body that
goes down into the water?'
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-ansoe, which he
himself has set on fire, because he was
mata glap; †
If I die in a burning house, glowing embers
will fall on my corpse;

* An offence in Java, as in British India, salt being a Government monopoly.

† In a state of frenzy.

And outside of the house there will be many cries
of men throwing water on the fire to kill it.
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa-tree,
when he plucked a *klappa* [cocoa-nut]
for his mother;
If I fall out of a klappa-tree I shall lie dead below
in the shrubs like Si-Oenah.
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead.
But others will say with a loud voice,
'See, there lies Saidjah.'
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen the corpse of Palisoe, who died of old
age, for his hairs were white:
If I die of old age, with white hairs,
hired women will stand weeping near my
corpse,
And they will make lamentation, as did the
mourners over Palisoe's corpse, and the
grandchildren will weep very loud.
—I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen at Badoer many that were dead.
They were dressed in white shrouds, and
were buried in the earth.
If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the
dessah [village], eastward against the
hill, where the grass is high,
Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border
of her sarong will sweep softly along the
grass.
—I shall hear it."

Will not any gentlemen or ladies with volumes of poems ready, or preparing, or accumulating for publication, after reading the above, oblige their contemporaries and posterity by throwing their manuscripts into the fire?

There remains to be added that Mr. Douwes Dekker has, the preface tells us, in vain challenged a refutation of his charges—*e. g.*, at the International Congress for the Promotion of Social Science at Amsterdam in 1863—and that he has been declared to have understated rather than overstated the truth. One word must finally be said in favour of Baron Nahuijs's translation, the English of which might put to the blush many of our professed translators.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GHOST'S SEAT.

MR. WESTON kept his second promise of "calling again soon," and very agreeable he made himself in his own simple country fashion. But he went away remarkably early. He said he was not going straight home. Two or three days after, when Philis returned from buying some tapes for my sister, she told us she thought we should have Mr. Weston to tea, for she saw him in the High Street. But he did not come. However, he arrived duly next week, and spent two or three hours with us. And when he rose to go, he found courage to announce openly that he intended to "look in" at the Refuge. He blushed a little as he said it, and stroked his hat.

Nobody made any comment—only Ruth sent a message to Alice. When next we saw Alice she remarked that she had received this message, and executed whatever its directions were, which I forget. Nothing more.

One evening, still early in May, Ruth and I were taking a little stroll in the meadows, when we met Mr. Marten. He was in high spirits; in fact, that was now his normal condition. I was very glad to see him, because, at that particular time, I wanted to consult him about the terrible coloured window of St. Cross. I wished to get his consent for its removal. If I succeeded, I would substitute another at my own sole expense, quite apart from any assistance I rendered to the fund for general repairs.

Accordingly, I introduced the subject, without any preamble, candidly adding, that I was prepared for objections, inasmuch as I believed my own sister did not share my views on the matter.

"I'm glad you tell that, Edward," said Ruth, "for it is the truth. Why should people's nerves be so fine as to shrink from the sight of what HE endured? His own mother was strong enough to see it."

"Ah, so she was," I responded; "but, depend on it, she never spoke about it afterwards. And, Ruth, I fancy it would be those wretched and worn with agony something like hers, who would shrink most from that picture, because they only would feel all its terrible meaning. I know I don't, but it pains me for their sake."

"I daresay I do not realize its horrors more than you do, sir," said the rector; "but yet it pains me for my own sake,—or rather, it did so, for I doubt if it would have the same power now. I was often heroic enough to rejoice it was behind me."

"Therefore, while in that state of mind," I remarked, "had you been one of the laity, and doomed to confront it, you would have stayed away from worship."

"A pretty morbid state of mind it must have been," said Ruth. "I can't understand such weakness."

"Then thank God, my sister," I observed, "and so pity those who can."

"Surely you can't," she answered, somewhat sharply, as if resenting the possibility of such weakness in so near a relation.

"Not in my own spirit, God be praised," I replied; "but none the less I know it exists, as I know of blindness, or palsy, or other evils I have never suffered, or of poetry, or music, or other gifts which I have not—yet."

"But such weakness, however pardonable, should be conquered, and not humoured," said Ruth, rather more gently.

"If you had a broken leg to be made whole," I argued, "would you walk upon it or rest it?"

"H'm—I don't know," she retorted; "I daresay I should use it more quickly than most people."

"If it were mine, would you tell me to do the same?" I queried.

"You would not mind me if I did," said she, "for you are naturally lazy!"

"Can't you abstract all personalities from the question," I said, warming just a little, "and answer me fairly which you would recommend as the best course?"

"Well," she answered, "in the first instance I should recommend the owner of the leg to take care it did not get broken, and I should say the same of hearts or spirits, or whatever region is the seat of the whims you're talking about."

"But, in all cases, some unavoidable accidents will happen," I pleaded.

"So they will," said she.

"Then granting that, which is the best and surest cure—perfect rest, or exercise, while the limb is in a diseased state?" I questioned.

"Depends upon the patient," she replied, shortly. "If it were my duty to walk, then it would do me less harm than lying still; for that would set me in a fever."

"But if you were the nurse, should not you think it your duty to keep the invalid calm and—"

"Stop, Edward, stop," said my sister; "we need not argue it. You can do as you like about the window. I don't wish to hinder you."

"I always thought you could give an argument fair hearing, Ruth," I remarked, a little hurt.

"So I can—except when it proves me in the wrong," she replied, with a sly glance, which quite restored my good temper. "And see, here is Mr. Herbert standing at his gate;" for that moment we came in sight of the Great Farm.

Of course we stopped for a chat. If Mr. Marten had been alone, I think he would have bowed and passed on; but as he was with us, he remained to speak. Ruth's first inquiry was for Agnes.

"She's somewhere in the house," answered her uncle. "If you will step inside, Miss Garrett, I will call her. Gentlemen, will you follow?" he added, with a slight hesitation.

"Mr. Garrett and I are consulting about some church alterations," said the rector, as an apology for declining the invitation.

"Well, can't you talk in our parlour?" returned Mr. Herbert. "I guess Mr. Garrett can, and I suppose you are not talking secrets, are you?"

"Oh dear, no," I said, "we shall be very glad to include you all in our consultation;" and with this I stepped up to the garden-path, and the rector followed in silence.

"A fine old place, to my mind, ma'am, though it's rough and old-fashioned," said our host, walking beside Ruth, and doing the honours. "But I've a right to say so. I was born in this house, and my father, and his father, and his grandfather, were born here before me. And our family has lived on the spot for two centuries, only the old house was burnt down, and the present one was built in my great-great-grandfather's time. But don't you fancy we belong to the gentry; we're only a good old yeoman stock—there isn't a better in the three nearest counties. And don't you fancy I'm proud of it. I'm no more proud of it, Mr. Garrett, than you are of your money. You use your fortune to buy up all the hearts in the village by the kindness you do with it. That's your way. So I use my good old English blood; I keep 'em in their place by it. Bless you, if I let go that hold over 'em, I haven't got another."

"Wouldn't it be better, sir," I said, "if you used it to show them how successive honest and industrious generations, without any chance helps of fortune, lift their family above the low level of its fellows?"

Mr. Herbert gave his good-humoured, coarse laugh.

"Let them find that out for themselves," said he. "If one does it, that's quite enough. I suppose my ancestor made it out for himself, and I'm glad his neighbours weren't enlightened on the matter. If they had kept pace with us, we should be no

better off than if we had only kept pace with them!"

"But because your descent proves that honesty and industry may prosper apart from mere 'luck,'" I remarked, "it does not disprove that, in other cases, the will of God may set obstacles between the same qualities and success. Doubtless, if you review your family history, you will remember many instances where the well-being of the Herberts might have been damaged or destroyed, or at least hindered, by one of those commonplace misfortunes which happen every day to somebody. There are the M'Cullums—high-principled people—who were prosperous after the frugal fashion of their country, and yet, through no fault of their own, they were forced to forego all the advantages of old neighbourhood and ancient respectability, and to begin a struggle for bare existence under new conditions in a strange land——"

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Herbert enthusiastically, slapping my shoulder, "that's what I always say! Good blood like good wine needs no blush. It speaks for itself. I knew that Ewen was above the common. He never said so; because he knew if the mettle was in him, it would not need his recommendation. But he did his work, so that he never needed to be told that I was his master. I'm glad the yeoman blood is in him, sir. The best blood in the world. It made Great Britain what she is, sir."

The worthy farmer was evidently in happy ignorance of any difference between the Celtic and Saxon races, and I fear none of us was sufficiently well informed on the subject to care to begin his education in that particular.

"Well, so long as any blood, whether 'gentle' or simply 'good,' is never boasted, but quietly proved by deeds, the wildest Radical will scarcely complain," said Mr. Marten; "but certainly 'descent' is often set on the lips of those who themselves forget—"

"'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Pooh! who thinks anything of coronets?" interrupted Mr. Herbert. "How were many of them earned?"

"Anyhow, many were earned most honourably," I returned; "and their value is, that they should be a spur to incite their wearers to rival the sires who won them. A great and good ancestor is as much a gift of God as any other blessing."

"And if the descendant prove unworthy,

he changes that blessing into a curse," said the rector.

"So he does," observed Mr. Herbert, with sudden gravity; "but, to tell you the truth, I hate to hear about 'degenerate families.' Let every respectable family be considered extinct on the death of its last worthy representative."

"But some people have strange notions of worth," began Mr. Marten, but he was interrupted, for, as our host uttered his last dogma, Agnes joined us, entering the great dining-room by one door, as we reached it by another. She looked a little scared, just as she had done on my first visit to the Great Farm, and she glanced from one to another as if she wondered what we were talking about. Her entrance broke the conversation, and presently Mr. Marten introduced the subject of our previous discussion — the coloured window of St. Cross.

"I say, Mr. Garrett, can't you let well alone?" was the farmer's bluff query. "Any old thing is better than a new one, I'll engage."

"What is Miss Herbert's opinion?" asked the rector.

"I shall be sorry if it be taken away," she answered; "and yet I wish it had never been there."

"Thank you, my dear," I said; "that is the strongest possible argument on my side of the case."

"Is it?" she queried, smiling. "I don't quite understand why."

"I do," said Mr. Marten.

And I think so did Ruth.

"Well, it does not matter to me what the window is," remarked Mr. Herbert; "so you can settle it how you like, for my part."

"But you will not destroy the old window, will you?" asked Agnes.

"No, my dear," I answered, "we will exchange it for another."

"Will that be right?" questioned the conscientious rector. "Should we offer another what we reject ourselves?"

"Others may not be in our case," I replied. "In many churches there are several painted windows. In such our objection to this design does not hold good."

"Ah, I see that," assented Mr. Marten.

"Then what shall you have?" asked the farmer. "Your coat-of-arms, eh, Mr. Garrett?"

"Our family has never troubled the Herolds' College," I answered, drily, for I was rather affronted by his hint of self-glorification.

"I think heraldry out of place in churches," said the rector. "Need we take the

most secular art on earth to adorn the House of God?"

"I don't quite agree with you," remarked Ruth. "An escutcheon is a family possession as much as a purse, and as a man may pour the one into God's treasury, so he may set up the other in God's temple, purely in the spirit of dedication, — 'I and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"True enough," responded Mr. Marten; "only I fear that spirit is somewhat scarce. But, at least, you do not think heraldry appropriate to a chancel window?"

"Certainly not," said Ruth.

"Do you think we shall have to order a window, Mr. Garrett?" inquired the rector.

"I don't think so," I answered. "St. Cross' window is by no means unusually large, and many of the London ecclesiastical warehouses have coloured glasses which can be made to fit it by using wider or narrower borders."

"And who is to survey these warehouses and make the selection?" asked Mr. Marten, rather blankly.

"You and I," I replied, laughing. "We will take the trip together."

"O dear," said he, "I wish I could get rid of the responsibility! What device do you think most suitable, Miss Garrett?"

"Well, certainly not two or three thin monks, each in a separate shrine, turning up his eyes, as if that promoted God's glory," returned my practical sister.

"Monks, Ruth?" I exclaimed. "I think you mistake. Surely they are intended for apostles?"

"If so, they are libels," she retorted. "Apostles indeed! The apostles were all honest working men, and what reason have we to suppose they were so foolish as to wear pink and blue trailing robes, with embroidered edges?"

"I think some incident from the life of our Saviour would be far better," I remarked.

"Not with the usual treatment," Ruth replied. "There is scarcely one picture taken from our Lord's life which is not a Lie. Can their smooth, pink, feminine faces give any idea of One who wrought hard work, and lived in sun and wind? Are their delicate draperies consistent with the fact that He had not where to lay his head?"

"But I suppose art must have some license in these things," I observed. "You see a painted window must be 'a thing of beauty.'"

"Truth first — and then as much beauty as you like," said Ruth.

"So say I," joined Mr. Herbert, heartily.

ly. "But that is not the fashion now-days, madam."

"But there are subjects which admit of beautiful form and colour without any clashing with facts," said the rector. "I know a splendid window with emblematical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity."

"And I'll engage the artist has painted them so that the most worthless women who ever enter the church, are most like them!" answered Ruth.

"I confess I prefer scriptural subjects for church windows," I remarked.

"Certainly, if they are so treated as to convey God's truth," responded my sister; "for then they may be as useful as the sermon."

"Do not the parables offer good subjects?" suggested Agnes, timidly.

"Yes, that they do," replied Ruth; "and as they are lessons which Christ set in stories, it does not seem inappropriate that we should set them in pictures. But they are not very common, are they, Edward?"

"I have seen them in some city churches, I believe," I answered. "In St. Stephen's, Walbrook, for instance."

"But I don't like any great figures in a window," said the rector. "One cannot see anything else. If you will recall any ancient cathedral, you will remember there is nothing obtrusive about its coloured windows. They warm the light, and rest the eye, but they never stare one out of countenance."

"Well, I daresay we could divide the St. Cross window into three parts," I said, "and about the centre of each part place a medallion representing a striking parable, and then fill in the ground with minute and richly-coloured devices."

"And what parables shall you select?" asked Ruth.

"We must choose those which can best be illustrated," I answered. "I fear it would be hard to make the parable of 'the labourers' tell its own story in a picture."

"Perhaps the Good Samaritan will do for one," said Agnes.

"Yes," replied Mr. Marten, "and the Prodigal Son for another."

By this time twilight had fallen, and Mr. Herbert started up so suddenly, that some suggestion which was on my lips vanished completely from my mind, and I could never afterwards recall it.

"I don't know why we're sitting in the dark," said he; "I'm getting quite sleepy, begging the company's pardon for saying so. Ah, here comes Mrs. Irons with lights." And our worthy host stamped firmly down

the long room, and closed the shutters of the end window with his own hands.

Meantime, Mrs. Irons advanced to the table, and set down a very handsome antique bronze lamp. Then she deliberately smoothed the table-cover, which did not really need smoothing, and at last inquired in her dry acid tones—

"Have you any orders, sir?"

"Now, you know all about it, Sarah," replied her bluff master; "only don't be long."

"I think we must say good-night, Ruth," I said, rising.

"No, you shan't," said the farmer in his peremptory way, "there's some ham coming in presently. Sarah will spread supper in a minute, Miss Garrett. She won't keep you waiting. She's an invaluable woman. Been in this house thirty years. Came here as my mother's maid. Found she liked the place, and concluded she would stay. Never was any danger of *her* sweethearts drinking up the ale in the kitchen. The only trouble she ever made was that she frightened all the men-servants away."

"Well, Mr. Herbert," observed Ruth, with some asperity, "considering what specimens of womankind one sees in the bonds of matrimony, nobody can suppose that any woman is *obliged* to remain single on account of any ugliness, or even wickedness."

At this instant, Mrs. Irons, carrying the supper-tray, and followed by a young attendant damsel, entered the room. While the elder servant spread the cloth, the girl arranged five chairs about the table, and Mr. Herbert and his niece took their seats at either end. Mr. Marten chanced to overlook this arrangement, and so drew up his own chair, and as Ruth and I sat down side by side, an empty seat remained between him and Agnes. When he perceived this he pointed to it, and said, laughingly—

"Look, Miss Herbert, the ghost's seat!"

He had scarcely uttered the words before I saw he wished he could recall them. And yet they seemed harmless enough. But Agnes' face quivered, and she glanced nervously at her uncle, while she gave the obnoxious chair a little ineffectual push. Mr. Herbert's face crimsoned, and he threw a fierce glance at the rector; it was only a flash—next instant he turned round on his chair, and shouted in a voice of thunder—

"Sarah, come back and take this—"

I think he was about to utter a word which our presence forbade, and, as he checked himself in that particular, he also paused in his command. He got up, and

himself removed the chair, for Mr. Marten sat perfectly still, as if afraid that any movement on his part would only make bad worse. Our host had scarcely returned to his seat, when the door opened, and the dry, sour voice inquired —

"Did you call me, sir?"

"Yes, Sarah, I did," he answered, in quite a propitiatory tone; "but I made a mistake. Nothing is wanted, thank you, Mrs. Irons."

"Very well, sir," said the acid tones outside the door.

Our conversation never recovered that shock. We all left immediately after supper, and Mr. Marten walked home with us. Somehow, I guessed that he knew the secret of the Great Farm, but whether he kept silence because he supposed we knew it too, or because he had learned it in the course of his pastoral duty, in either case it behoved me to respect that silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO LONDON.

HAVING once arrived at the conclusion that we must take a journey to London, Mr. Marten and I were not long in making the necessary arrangements. I wished Ruth to be of the party, but she would not "trouble us," as she called it, and so we were fain to go alone. And we started on the third morning after our visit to the Herberts, with nothing to take charge of except ourselves and a portmanteau, and two messages and one parcel, sent by Mr. McCallum and Alice to Ewen.

Ruth drove with us to the railway station, and when I saw her standing on the platform as we were whirled away, it seemed almost a revival of our old parting scene on Mallowe Common. But it was a revival with many improvements.

The rector had asked, "By which class shall we travel?" And it struck me that he would not have put this question had he not wished to go second-class himself. So I gave him the answer I thought he wanted. And as the day was fine and warm, I found our second-class carriage exceedingly comfortable, and could not help reflecting that such men as Shakespeare and Dante would have esteemed it the height of luxury to travel in a vehicle now despised by many a paltry dandy, who is only kept in the flesh by his father's allowance.

During the earlier part of our journey we had three fellow-passengers. When I enter a train or an omnibus, it often seems to me that I must have known my fellow-travellers in some former stage of existence,

where I unfortunately offended them. How otherwise can I account for the active animosity of the lady on my right, or the passive contempt of the gentleman opposite? Sometimes, during the course of a journey, I contrive to propitiate them, but generally it is not easy. Nevertheless, I always do my best. So, on this occasion, as there was a newspaper in the hands of one of our party, a red-faced, important person—one of those who always suggest the idea of an intimate relationship with our national grandmother in Threadneedle Street—I presently ventured to inquire if there were any important telegrams from a certain foreign country, upon which the whole world was then intently gazing.

"No, sir," he answered, suddenly lowering the crackling sheet, and confounding me with the Gorgon gaze of stony grey eyes: "no, sir, there is not." And then up again went the closely-printed page, and down went my hopes of any reconciliation in that quarter.

Opposite sat a fair damsel of fifty, who seemed uneasy at finding herself the sole representative of her sex. I fear she thought I admired her, for I confess my eyes would wander in her direction, simply because I could not help wondering what she could possibly have been in her girlhood, and what she might eventually become before her career closed. I have heard of a great man, who would not seek an interview with an early love in her middle age, because he wished to preserve her youthful memory. I always thought that strange, a sacrifice of feeling to sentiment. But I don't wonder at it, if he had learned to associate middle-age with looks like that lady's. I think she had worn the bloom from her soul by fearing lest it was wearing from her face, and her spirits seemed quite exhausted by her vain contest with Time. I cannot think why any should fear his touches, when once they feel them. They may shrink a little beforehand, for unknown change is always sad. As the white marble is fair, so is the smooth young brow; but even as the one is ennobled by the sculptor's chisel, so is the other by the tracings of a good life. There is a beauty of dimples, and a beauty of crows' feet. We may put summer fruit on our winter table, as a surprise and a rarity, but we do not choose it for our Christmas dinner. For all things there is a season, and what is seasonable is best.

As for our third passenger, I can only describe him as a pair of checked trousers, one straw-coloured glove, a black frock coat, a little reddish hair, and a low-crowned hat. I never saw more of him. He looked

out of window with the greatest assiduity. Perhaps he was shy. Perhaps he had been crossed in love. Perhaps he was in trouble. I shall never know. When our train stopped at a certain station he slipped from the carriage. The stout gentleman gave a sonorous cough, got up, threw down his paper—it was the *Standard*—and also alighted. The lady half rose, and then sat down, and then rose again; but when Mr. Marten, kindly thinking to relieve her uncertainty, repeated the name of the station, she only answered with a freezing glance, and, gathering up a sea of fluffy frills and fringes, hastily quitted the carriage, leaving us alone.

As we moved on again, Mr. Marten pointed to the newspaper, and laughingly remarked—

“That good gentleman left his journal behind him as a present to you, that you may look over the telegrams for yourself.”

“Very much obliged for the favour,” I said, taking possession of it.

“I dare say he meant to vex you,” observed my companion.

“Oh, I hope not,” I replied, “and it does not matter if he did, as I am not vexed, but quite the contrary, for I had no time to read the news before I left home this morning.”

I found one or two reviews, and sundry items of political interest, and our discussions over these beguiled our time until the broad horizon narrowed, and knots of trim villas betokened the outskirts of the great city. Then gradually the fields vanished, and soon the newly-planted trees of suburban gardens also disappeared, and the train dashed on its resolute way amid a forest of houses. On and on it went, cutting through the narrow unknown arteries of our giant London, and the houses crowded close upon its path and upon each other, for it was the dreadful East End, where space is valuable—more valuable than life! As we crossed the railway bridges we saw the people swarming like insects in the streets below. Through open windows, staring on the dreary lines, we caught glimpses of sundry household arrangements, patchwork quilts, boiling kettles, and spread tables.

“Here every room is a home,” I remarked.

“Don’t say ‘home,’” said Mr. Marten, dismally shaking his head.

“Yes, I will say ‘home,’” I replied, “for more are homes than the reverse. The upper and middle classes are too prone to judge the very poor by what they read in the police reports. They have no reason to complain if, in return, the very poor

judge them, as I fear they do, by the revelations of the Divorce Court. If you take up any commonplace aristocratic fiction, you are sure to find the conventional labourer, who gets drunk, beats his wife, and starves his children, and only exists to be converted by the angelic efforts of the young ladies from the Hall. And if you buy any of the badly-printed penny serials sold in the streets beneath us, you will be equally sure to find the conventional nobleman, whose mansion is a very charnel house, and who deceives and seduces every girl he sees, until he is finally induced to abandon his wickedness that he may deserve the hand of some peerless village damsel, whose virtue has resisted force and fraud alike. Now, one picture is as true as the other, or rather as false. I readily grant that in real life there are more ill-conducted labourers than wicked lords, because there are more labourers than noblemen. But unfortunately each class judges the other by the bad specimens, which, like all evil weeds, come into undue prominence.”

“I did not make my remark in any depreciation of the poor,” observed the rector; “only it seems to me that to keep one’s mind pure and healthy and heavenward amid influences such as these, must be so hard as to be nearly impossible.”

“Mr. Marten,” I said, “the modern school of sentimental philanthropists appear to forget that when Christ gave his opinion on the subject, He said, ‘How hardly shall *they that have riches* enter into the kingdom of God!’ Do not think I deny that this wretchedness is an evil, but I believe it does more harm to the soul of the rich man who allows it to be endured, than to the soul of the poor man who must endure it.”

Just then the train stopped; it was not yet the terminus, but only a little eastern station, where many of the third-class passengers alighted. Close behind the parapet rose a tall old house. Its wide, low garret window overlooked the end of the platform. At this window stood a young woman trimming a laurel in a red pot. She was a pretty girl in a coarse linsey dress. Presently a young railway guard came down the platform whistling, and when he saw her he laughed and nodded, and then stopped, leaning over the parapet. They could easily exchange a few words, but they had to raise their voices a little, and so I could hear what they said.

“Don’t forget this evening, Maggie,” said he.

“No, indeed,” said she. “Shall you get away in time, Tom?”

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Mind you don't make it late, Maggie."

"Mind you don't," she retorted.

"All right," said he. And then our train moved on, and left the little idyl behind; and I looked at Mr. Marten, and smiled, and he smiled back again.

After that, we were very soon at the terminus; and when we were walking down the platform whom should we see alighting from another carriage but that fair damsel of fifty who had deserted us so early in our journey!

"She only changed carriages," I remarked to my companion. "So you see what she thought about us."

"Poor idiot!" said Mr. Marten.

"But I daresay we sometimes judge as unfairly," I added.

We took a cab, and drove to a comfortable old-fashioned hostelry in a quiet city close. There we dined, and after dinner, it being too late to begin our art expeditions for that day, Mr. Marten went off to the Temple to visit a college crony, and I took a leisurely walk to my old house of business by the churchless city grave-yard. But by the quiet which I observed stealing over the streets, I feared that I should be too late to find my friends there. So it proved. Principals and staff had alike departed, with the exception of the old head-clerk, who regularly made a point of being the last on the premises. I was a great favourite of his, and he always treated me with that quaint patronage which confidential servants often extend to their employers. He took me into the familiar counting-house, where we sat down and chatted. He was a little man, whose wiry grey hair had a tendency to stand upright, and he had a habit of touching his auditor's arm when he wished to give particular emphasis to his words. He did so when he told me that the firm had bought the good-will of Barwell Brothers, and had found it a highly-profitable investment. He did so when he told me that the junior partner was about to marry the senior partner's daughter; and he did so when he spoke of Ewen McCallum.

"A fine young man, sir," he said in his little precise tone. "Of course I know all about him. Whatever is told to the firm, is told to me, sir, which, of course, you understand, Mr. Garrett. So I'll own I suspected him at first, and I kept my eyes on him, but he had not been here a month before I saw that to pay him eighteen shillings a week was a sheer robbery on the part of the firm, sir. Now I'm not one for sudden advancement" (an emphatic touch), "but

I talked it over with the principals, and we came to a conclusion. You remember we have on the premises, sir, a dinner-table for the boys—those young lads that get eight or nine shillings a week. Just plain joint and vegetables, sir. Yes, yes, you remember. We don't have it for the better-paid clerks, because they may prefer dining with their wives at home, and if they haven't got wives they can go to an ordinary, and suit themselves *exactly*. So we made McCallum free of that dinner-table, which would make his eighteen shillings go a great deal further" (another touch). "He wrote home of the arrangements, did he, sir? Yes, yes, he's a grateful sort of lad. And no one could be jealous, for the others' wages are all much higher. And now I'll tell you a secret, sir. At Midsummer his salary will be raised to EIGHTY POUNDS A YEAR!" (a vigorous poke).

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said; "and as I must not keep you from your family any longer, I will bid you good-bye, and go and pay him a visit."

"But surely you will see something more of the firm while you are in London," observed the worthy man.

"Certainly," I answered, "I will be here as much as I possibly can, but the length of my stay is very uncertain."

So I took my departure. I knew where Ewen lodged, as he had written to us several times since Alice had delivered my sister's injunction. I got into an omnibus at the Bank, and rode to the "Angel," Islington, whence I soon found my way into the Liverpool Road. Ewen lived in a small cross street of humble but decent appearance. I soon found his number. There was a plate on the door announcing that the landlord was a tailor. The parlour was screened by a respectable wire-blind, and had old-fashioned wooden shutters outside. The establishment boasted both knocker and bell, and I chose the latter. Why need I alarm the quiet street and throw the good housewife into an unnecessary flutter?

A plump, pleasant-faced woman opened the door. "Yes, sir, he's at home," she answered to my inquiry for "Mr. McCallum." "Will you step inside, sir; and what name shall I say?"

"Mr. Garrett," I replied, advancing into the passage. The landlady ran up-stairs, and I heard her open the door, and announce me, and then Ewen's voice said, "Take the candle, please, for it must be quite dark on the stairs." But simultaneously there was a scuffle of feet, and a rush down the stairs, and a tall figure passed me in the dusk, and went out at the front door.

"Will you step this way, sir?" cried the landlady's cheerful voice, as she held the light over the banisters. I obeyed, and went up three flights of stairs. At the top Ewen welcomed me, took the candle from the woman, and led me into his room; and after our first greetings, and when I had repeated my message, and delivered his parcel, I found a moment's leisure to glance round it.

It was neither large nor small, and had two windows facing northward. It was clean and neat, but the furniture was singularly scanty. The floor was bare. In one corner stood a small, ascetic-looking bed, with a common deal washstand near it. The table was also deal; and there were only three chairs—two Windsor ones, and a cane arm-chair, in which Ewen had placed me. The rest of the furniture consisted of Ewen's box (on which lay a shabby port-manteau), a common looking-glass hung against the wall, and a homely set of bookshelves, with a decent array of worn books. I noticed a door beside the fireplace that I concluded belonged to a cupboard. But the region about the mantel had a brightness which, by its contrast to the rest of the apartment, reminded me of the little decorated shrines one sees in Roman Catholic houses. There were three pictures hanging above it—two small ones unglazed, and one much larger, which boasted a very narrow frame. This one I could see was a head, but by the dim light of the solitary candle I could not distinguish more. The shelf itself was decorated by two plaster casts, and one or two bright bits of pottery, and at either end was a smart hand-screen. But there was a familiar look about the room which puzzled me. I had certainly never seen it before, nor could I recall anything like it, and yet it was not wholly strange. My observations were made in a minute, and then my eyes returned to my young host. Glancing at him as he stood in the centre of the room, I suddenly noticed that the two chairs were both drawn up to the table, on which lay two heaps of papers, indicating the recent presence of two individuals. Then I remembered the apparition in the passage.

"I fear I have disturbed you," I said; "did not a friend of yours run away when he heard of my arrival? I saw some one go out."

Ewen laughed, and yet looked a little embarrassed.

"Oh, he is staying with me," he answered.

"But why did he run away?" I queried. "I should not have eaten him."

"He did not wish to intrude," said the young man, rather stiffly.

"But a pleasant companion never intrudes," I replied. "If you know where to find him, pray fetch him back."

Ewen paused, and mechanically turned over the leaves of an open book lying on the table. Then he looked up, and said with hurried frankness—

"I must tell you at once, sir, that my friend is in such an unhappy state of mind, that he generally shuns seeing or being seen."

"I am sorry he did not make me an exception to the rule," I answered, "for I might help him in some way. I think you say he lives with you?"

"At present," Ewen replied. "You see, sir, I am out all day, and then he has the room entirely to himself."

"Doesn't he go to business?" I inquired.

"He is an artist," said Ewen.

"Oh, indeed," I responded, involuntarily glancing round the bare chamber.

"This room has the advantage of a north light," explained the young man, "and the landlady is very kind and attentive. Her husband is a Scotchman, and new to London. I heard from one of my fellow-clerks that they let apartments. The rooms they showed me at first were nicely furnished and too expensive for me. But in the course of conversation, they mentioned this attic, and said they did not wish to go to the expense of furnishing it just now. And presently they said, if I could be satisfied with the furniture you see, they would let me have the room at a very low rent. And I have been here ever since."

"I see you stick to your art studies," I said, glancing at the etchings strewn about the table. "I suppose your artist-friend gives you a few hints."

"Yes, indeed he does," he replied; "some of his things are wonderfully beautiful."

"So are yours," I said.

Ewen smiled very sadly. "Mine are commonplace," he answered. "I always miss the idea in my mind. But I work and work and work upon them, and then they look elaborate, and so sometimes tempt the dealers to buy, while they stupidly reject his brilliant sketches, with genius in every dash of the pencil."

I glanced at this young man, with his passionate brow and intense eyes, and it struck me that very likely the dealers were right. But I only said, "Genius goes but a little way without hard work."

"And hard work goes but a little way without genius," he answered, somewhat bitterly.

I looked at him again. He was certainly paler and thinner than formerly. His hands had lost the hue they had caught in his days of out-door work. His manner had always been good, not, as people say, for "what he was," but intrinsically good, despite a little shy embarrassment; yet now he had gained an air which caused me to suspect that his companion was not without polish. But I also noticed that he looked much older, and like one who has passed through a severe moral struggle, where self-conquest was not gained without sharp suffering. I thought surely this is not merely the trace of his artistic aspirations. And yet I knew that genius, before it understands itself, is often like that dumb spirit in the Scripture, which tore and wore its unhappy owner. So I said cheerfully, "And your genius, my boy, combined with your hard work, will go a very long way. And when you are at the top of the tree, don't forget that I said so, but give me credit as a good prophet and a wiseacre."

He smiled a little more brightly.

"But I hope you do not forget rest and exercise," I added; "I need not hope you don't neglect business, for I have just heard your praises sounded at the counting-house."

"I think I give satisfaction there," he answered, meekly, "and I never sit up late, and I take two long walks regularly every week; I should not do justice to my work if I neglected those things."

"And yet you get through much drawing," I remarked.

"I could not live without it now," he exclaimed, with startling enthusiasm.

Then it had come to this! The spell was on him, whether for good or for evil. "My boy," I said gently, "would you like to devote yourself wholly to art?"

"No," he replied, slowly and firmly; "but I suppose if I were a genius, I should. And yet Milton did not live on 'Paradise Lost,' and Shakespeare made his fortune from his playhouse and not from his plays. And I'd rather get my bread like other people."

"Your friend does not think thus," I said.

"He did not think so," he answered, "but it would have been better for him, and for every one concerned, if he had."

I looked again at Ewen, for there was an undefinable something about him which filled me with wonder. He had certainly grown much older than the lapse of five months warranted, but it was not only that.

"Your friend is not in trouble?" I queried.

"Not now," he said.

"And you are in no trouble?" I whispered, softly.

"Why, what makes you say such a thing, sir?" he questioned in return, turning on me his old smile, which yet had a new solemnity that gave pathos to its brightness. "There ought not to be a happier man in London, sir, thanks to you."

"Thanks to God," I said—and I said no more; for, of all the delicate tortures which society tolerates, there are few more cruel than such remarks as, "You seem sad to-day," or, "You look ill." If mistaken, they annoy; if true, they sting.

After a little more conversation we parted. I would not promise another visit, for I scarcely knew what my plans would be. Yet, in my own mind, I felt sure that I should not leave the city without seeing Ewen again.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. RALPH.

In the morning, Mr. Marten and I went off to one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical warehouses. I had not been in such a place since my boyhood, when I had carried a message from my good old master, relative to some simple piece of church furniture which he had ordered for the use of his parish church. I found the house much enlarged. In the old-fashioned days of my youth the garments of the sanctuary were so plain and so universal that they needed no display, but orders for them were quietly received at a desk, and the only matter for consideration was the precise quality of the silk or linen. But now a plate-glass window was stocked with clerical finery. Upon a dummy, like those in mercers' windows, stood a surplice with a cross embroidered on the collar, and over it was thrown a hood ostentatiously displaying the "Oxford" colours. We passed through this department, and then we were shown into another, where we were detained some time, until the assistant who attended the sales of coloured glass was at liberty to wait upon us. In this place, I should have been fairly confounded but for the rector's explanations. I did not even know the names of the things about me, and when I learned them from the shopmen I was no wiser, until Mr. Marten gave me the plain English for such words as "lectern" and "faldstool," "credence" and "piscina," and taught me that an "eagle" might be a reading-desk, and a "corporal" a cloth, and not a soldier!

"But it seems to me all rank folly," I said; "and I cannot understand how any

sane man can upset the unity of the Church for such rubbish."

"To those who do so, it is not such folly as it seems to you," answered the rector. "In their eyes these things symbolize certain doctrines. For instance, that cloth which they choose to call a *corporal* is used to cover the bread at the Lord's Supper. Its name is plainly derived from the Latin *corpus*, or body, — a subtle introduction of that doctrine of transubstantiation which changes our Feast of *remembrance* into a *sacrifice*. Admitting the idea of sacrifice, an altar is needed, and where there is an altar there must be, not a simple ministry like that of the Apostles, but a priesthood clothed with the mystic dignity and terrible powers of spiritual privilege — and able to brand with the sin of schism any who venture to expose its duplicity, or who dare to defy its encroachments."

"I don't think I could argue about it at all," I said; "I can only say this doesn't seem like the New Testament."

"It is not, it is not," responded the rector, warmly. "It is a retreat from light into darkness — from realities into shadows — from the Sermon on the Mount to the rules for building the tabernacle. And when and where will it end?" he added, mournfully.

"It will end in God's good time and place," I answered; "and meanwhile, out of evil He can bring some good. Just now, let it stir our zeal to make His house a pleasant place, without turning His service into a mummery."

And so we went on to look at the glasses.

We were shown many specimens of that false and monkish art of which Ruth had spoken. We were assured that it was "admired," and "popular," and "devotional" (strange connection of words!). We asked if they had no illustrations of the parables or miracles, and, with a sigh for our bad taste, our attendant owned they had; but they were not new, having been removed from a church about to be *restored*. They were shown us, and proved appropriate in shape. But as they were too large to admit of three in the St. Cross window, we instantly decided on the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, with a neat medallion representing an open Bible, for the centre of the triangular top of the window. A small device for the groundwork, and a richly-coloured border for the whole, were very easily selected, and so, having made all due arrangements, we left the warehouse and strolled leisurely back to our hotel.

Of course, we looked at the shops; now it is natural for every one to look at pictures

and books, and occasionally, according to one's sex, at cravats or bonnets. Also it is pleasant to behold beautiful house-furniture, such as carved sideboards, inlaid cabinets, and stately mirrors. But what possessed Mr. Marten to pull me up in front of a painted, cane-bottomed chair, bearing a label, "36s. a dozen," while he remarked, "That seems cheap; doesn't it, Mr. Garrett? A dozen chairs go a long way in bedrooms." And a few minutes after, when I was admiring some photographs, and turned to call his attention to their beauty, I found he had wandered away to a china-shop, where he was gravely weighing the comparative merits of tea-sets, respectively priced "£1 1s." and "£1 5s." And at last, when he actually stopped to feel the thickness of some very cheap drugget, I slyly said, "Come, come, Mr. Marten, we old bachelors need not trouble ourselves about such things." And he answered hastily, "Oh, no," and hurried on.

Having brought our business to a satisfactory conclusion, we agreed to return to Upper Mallowe by the next day's early train. I felt that my few remaining hours in London were due to my old city friends, and as Mr. Marten had many acquaintances of his own to whom he must show attention, I went alone to the counting-house by the church-yard, and saw the whole array of familiar faces, among whom so many years of my life had passed. Of course I saw Ewen, but only as one of the crowd. I went home with the senior partner, and dined at his house in Highbury Crescent, and spent a very pleasant evening, for every one was exceedingly kind. Nevertheless, I left before nine o'clock, and took a cab to the corner of a certain quiet street in the Liverpool Road.

The old-fashioned parlour-shutters were closed, and but for a light in the passage, the whole front of the house was dark. The same cheerful woman opened the door, and instantly recognising me, invited me to enter with a cheerful "Good-evening, sir. Will you please to walk up-stairs? Mr. McCallum is at home."

I knocked at Ewen's door, and a voice, not his, cried, "Come in." So I entered. There were two figures seated at the table, with a solitary candle between them. Ewen had his back towards me, and when he heard my voice, he started up, glanced nervously at his companion, and hurried forward to offer me a seat in the cane arm-chair. I saw he was drawing. The stranger was reading. At first he did not look up, but while Ewen and I carried on that desultory chat which distinguishes unex-

pected visits, I found that he turned from his book, and regarded me with a curious scrutiny.

He was quite a young man, of not more than five or six and twenty. His face was remarkably pale, but his features were handsome, though a little worn for his time of life. I did not notice the details of his attire, but he had an elegant appearance, and his hands were white, and singularly fine in form. At first, I thought he was a little uneasy, though he only showed it by a statue-like stillness, scarcely seeming even to breathe. But after his eyes had met mine twice or thrice, this passed away, and presently he made some casual remark which fell in with the course of our conversation.

By-and-by Ewen quitted the room. I concluded he went to instruct his landlady to prepare some little hospitality. For a few minutes I and the stranger were silent. Then, thinking I must not lose so good an opportunity, I observed—

"It gives me much pleasure to make the acquaintance of a young artist of whose talents my friend speaks so warmly, though I do not think he has ever chanced to mention your name——"

"Ralph—Mr. Ralph," he interrupted, with a graceful bow; "and I feel it a great honour to introduce myself to you, sir," he added hastily, with a strange emotion; "for I, too, have heard and—heard again of the goodness of Mr. Garrett."

"Ah, but you must not trust Ewen for my character," I said, smiling, "for I fear he exaggerates—yes, he certainly exaggerates."

At this instant Ewen returned, followed by a servant girl with a little supper. It was a very simple repast, but it was quite a treat to me, carrying me back to the distant days when I gave such feasts to my few visitors, the dear friends of my youth, who are now all nearer God.

Our conversation during supper was not very brisk. Mr. Ralph was decidedly taciturn, like one who does not care to conceal that his mind is not with his company. But this seemed an unconscious habit on his part, and perhaps arose from too much solitude. Whenever he spoke he was agreeable, though his words sometimes left an uncomfortable impression. Once or twice he was merry, and his mirth was saddest of all. It was as if a man, pursued by a relentless fate, from which he felt himself too weak to escape, recklessly turned and smiled in her direful face. I could not understand the intimacy between him and Ewen. It was evidently of the closest nature: no casual fel-

lowship, entered into from community of tastes or motives of mere financial economy. Yet I could not pass an hour with these two young men without observing a great disparity between their natures. But there seemed a bond between them stronger than any difference of character, and firm enough to resist all change of circumstance. Their manner towards each other had none of the gushing enthusiasm of hastily warm friendships, but rather the quiet, settled confidence one notices between brothers, old school-fellows, or tried comrades in war or travel.

"And did you two make acquaintance in London?" I found opportunity to inquire in the course of conversation.

"Oh, we knew each other a long time ago," said Mr. Ralph. "Will you pass the ale, M'Callum?"

"School-fellows, perhaps?" I suggested, remembering that Ewen's early education had been received among lads of the apparent position of his companion.

"No; our acquaintance was of a very casual kind," he returned; "but one greets a familiar face when one has been lost in London.—A little more cheese, please, Ewen."

So I understood that the subject was to drop.

"I suppose you will ride home, sir?" remarked young M'Callum, when I rose to go.

"I don't think so," I answered, looking from the window. "This is a bright moon, and the streets are clear and quiet now."

"May I come with you?" said Mr. Ralph. "I shall so enjoy the walk."

"Shall I come too?" queried Ewen, as if consulting his friend's pleasure.

"No, my boy," returned the other; "you have to rise early, and march off to business. You go to bed, and to sleep. I will see Mr. Garrett safely to his hotel."

After receiving Ewen's home messages, we started off together. My companion offered me his arm. He had a fine, tall figure, and altogether what one calls "a good presence."

"What solemn grandeur hangs over London by night!" I said, as we walked through the moonlit streets. "Are you a native of the city, Mr. Ralph, or did you come here to try your fortune?"

"I came here to set the Thames on fire," he answered with a light laugh. "And the Thames extinguished me."

"Ah," I said, "London is the best place to teach a man his measure. A good lesson, Mr. Ralph, and one that is never learned too soon."

"I don't know that," he retorted, laugh-

ing again. "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"But when is ignorance bliss?" I asked.

"When knowledge comes too late," he replied.

"And when does knowledge come too late?" I queried.

"When you've done what you can't undo," said he, shortly.

"Then at least you can repent it," I observed. "It is never too late for that. If one's life is ruined, one's soul need not be lost."

"But when one has done all the harm one can," he answered, gloomily, "it seems mere gross selfishness to try pushing into heaven at last!"

There was a something in his tone which chilled me as he uttered these dreadful words. Dreadful indeed they were—the very utterance of despair. They revealed a perilous nature, one that would slide down and down, and then use its most lovable instincts to excuse its never rising and struggling upward. He could actually see selfishness in seeking salvation! Well, perhaps his error was not worse than one much more common, when men fancy they have forsaken evil because they are simply sick of it. I tried to fight him with his own weapons.

"But whatever harm one has done," I observed, "he does a greater harm when he finally leaves his soul to destruction."

"Harm to himself or to others?" he inquired, laconically.

"One cannot harm one's-self without harming others," I answered. "'Nobody's enemy but his own' is a false saying. By benefiting others one benefits one's-self, and by hurting one's-self one hurts others."

"Then goodness is pure selfishness," said he.

"Each has two selves," I explained in answer: "a lower self and a higher self, a temporary self and an eternal self. Each must serve one or the other. By solely seeking the gratification of one's lower and mortal part, one does harm in the world, and neglects one's own best interests. By following the dictates of one's nobler and immortal part, one does good in the world, and makes it a school of preparation for heaven."

"I can believe that," said Mr. Ralph, gently, "because I have seen it."

"Now supposing that you were in the case we have in point," I went on; "supposing that you had done as much harm as you could, and had caused much sin, and suffering, and sorrow—that is, if you will grant me the liberty of such an illustration?"—

"Oh, certainly," said he, with a laugh.

"Then do you not feel that the very fear lest your soul was lost at last would cause more suffering, and more sorrow, and possibly more sin?" I asked.

"Well, I think it might," he answered, nervously lifting his hat from his head;—"yes, it would: there's one or two that it would grieve, and there's one who'd say it was only what he expected."

"Then, if you left no reasonable cause for such fear, and so gave happiness to those who love you, and also taught your enemy more charity in future, would not you serve yourself and others at the same time?"

He did not reply, but walked by my side in silence. I felt I was carrying on the discussion at a great disadvantage; because I did not say that if it chanced there were none on earth who cared whether he went to God or to Satan, there was still One in heaven whom his absence would grieve, because it would show that he refused the salvation which He had purchased with a great price—even His own blood. And I dared not say this; because I was sure that my companion was as well-informed in the mere theology of the matter as myself. And the formal repetition of a fact whose truth can only be *felt*, does no good—nay, it may disgust, by seeming but the easy parade of a glib lip-religion.

At last he spoke suddenly.

"Wandering a little from our subject," he said, "do you think that if a man makes some great self-sacrifices, he does not lose in the end?"

"If he do it for his neighbour's good or God's glory, I am sure he does not," I replied. "But he cannot make the sacrifice in this feeling. If he could, it would lose the very nature of sacrifice. And besides, God's compensations are seldom such as man in his mortality can appreciate. If one resigned his worldly prospects for the sake of another, God might recompense him by an early call to Himself. But till he was fairly within the veil, the touch of death would seem rather his Maker's chastening rod, than his loving Father's benediction."

"Do you—do you think it is right to allow another to make great sacrifices for one's own sake?" he asked, with a broken voice and with averted face.

"It depends upon circumstances," I answered, gently, for I felt I was walking blindfold over the youth's own history; "but I should not refuse a friend's sacrifice merely because it was greater than I could ever make in return. Why should I

grudge him a brighter heavenly crown than mine? Only I should take care his goodness was not for nought. And, Mr. Ralph, if ever a great sacrifice be made in our behalf, let it stand in our hearts as a type of His love who left his Father's throne for our sakes! Let the human affection interpret the Divine love, and don't waste either."

The young man turned and looked at me—not with the face which he carried to the galleries and the picture dealers, but with the look which he surely had worn when he said "Our Father" at his mother's knee, years before;—a look which might return and remain for eternity, if his eyes met the eyes of a good woman who loved him. The reckless prodigal laugh was silent; the cynical artist anger was gone; the man's angel was in his countenance—the same angel that had once been in the innocent child's face—only with the pathetic look of its long struggle with the reckless prodigal and the cynic artist. And God had marked

that angel all the time, and He would watch it to the very end! It is because he is All-seeing, that he is All-loving.

And then we walked in silence for the length of many streets, until at last we reached that leading to my hotel. There we shook hands; and in our parting I made some simple remark in praise of Ewen M'Callum.

"Yes, yes," he answered, with singular fervour, "all you say is true; but you don't know him as I do, that's all, Mr. Garrett."

And so saying, he hurried off.

When I entered my sleeping room, I found a note from Mr. Marten, intimating that a telegram had followed him from Upper Malloze to London, urging him to hasten to Cambridge, to the dying bed of a young relative, a student there. He had received this on reaching the hotel during my absence, and in compliance with its entreaty he had started off immediately.

So my homeward journey was a solitary one.

From a very old manuscript book of selections. There is no clue to the author's name.

ECHOES.

We, the myriad born of sound,
Where the sweetest spots are found
Over sea, over land,
An invisible band,
Sport all creation round and round.
We love not the plain
Nor the sky-bounded main,
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign;
But enraptured we dwell
In the wood or the dell,
And an age-hollowed oak is a favorite cell.
On a hilly clump or a rocky shore,
We foot it merrily o'er and o'er.

Gay on Andalusian fields,
Purple with autumnal sun;
When the grape its harvest yields,
When the summer toil is done;
Linked in rustic dance appear
Spanish maid and cavalier;
Light they lead the dance along,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Mirth and merriment and song,
Castinet and saraband;
Then, upon a neighbouring hill,
Bands of echoes lurking still,
Spring from ambush, dance and play,
Lightly, merrily as they.

When the evening's magic power
Tips with gold the heather flower,
And all the plain delights the eye
With setting sunbeams' richest dye;

When along the silent grove
Meditation loves to rove;
All is sleeping, all is mute,
Save the warbling, dying strain,
Seeming sweetly to complain,
Breathing from some shepherd's flute;
Then, if chance the cadence fall
On some tower or abbey wall,
Oh, how lightly echoes bear
A fainter strain
Away again,
And melt it lightly into air.

Seated by a dripping well
When a cavern spans it round,
Many an echo loves to dwell,
Listening to the liquid sound,
Since the driplets first begun,
She hath told them one by one;
Day and night her station kept,
Never slumbered, never slept,
But, as drop by drop they die,
To each she pays a single sigh,
A momentary elegy.

Often seated on the shore,
We love to mock the ocean's roar;
Often at the break of dawn
We carol to the huntsman's horn;
 Oft at evening in the vale
Listening to the shepherd's tale,
Or warbling to the shepherd's song,
Half the charm that music knows,
To our mellowing power she owes;
But for us the sounds would fly,
Harsh, unmodulated by,
Reft of half their melody.

From The Spectator.

PARTIAL DEAFNESS.

THERE is probably no affliction to which humanity is liable which excites so little sympathy as deafness. Every one helps the lame, and even criminals affect to respect the blind, but deafness too often wearies pity out. Unless it is total, and, therefore, accompanied by a partial failure of utterance, it does not strike those who have not felt it as an unendurable or even very painful misfortune, while it involves a tax upon all bystanders which to many organizations is exquisitely annoying. It is positive suffering to many persons—unaware that a slight compression of the larynx will double or treble the impact of their speech—to talk for any time to a deaf person, and they often fail in their own minds to distinguish between the physical defect and mental stupidity. Even where this feeling is absent men in possession of their full senses often fail to recognize the immensity of the loss involved in even partial deafness, the enormous deduction it makes from the sufferer's powers of action, of acquisition, and of enjoyment. To realize those things fully it would seem necessary to be deaf; and as the writer happened recently to fall for a week or so into that condition, having been deaf just long enough to analyze his sensations without acerbity, he thinks his experience may be of some interest to readers of the *Spectator*.

The deafness came on suddenly after a severe cold, was nearly complete in one ear, and though less complete in the other, was still sufficient to reduce the total power of hearing to an extent which seemed to himself incredible. The first sensation, unquestionably, was one of intellectual, or rather of nervous relief,—a feeling as if the nerves had suddenly become stronger, or life in some mysterious way lighter to bear. To begin with, that roar of London, that ceaseless breaking of the waves of sound upon a shore of brass, of which no Londoner ever ceases to be conscious, and which has of late years been increased at least one-third by the gradual conversion of our streets into arched and resonant cylinders—*listen* for a moment in the New Road—died suddenly away, leaving a sense of comparative peace. It became possible to *study* the tide of life in the Strand without distraction, while all manner of smaller annoyances, the patter of boots on office stairs, the clanging of doors, the jangle of organs, the jar of bad whistling, the resonant calls, all disappeared, leaving an immensely increased power of concentration and a strange sense of increased courage.

This feeling, absurd as it appears, is probably real. The audacity of the deaf and dumb amid scenes which bewilder other men has often been noticed, and a few years since a deaf and dumb gentleman saved a number of horses in a great fire—Pickford's, we think,—which had been given up as hopeless. He walked about among the flames and falling rafters and screaming brutes like a being of another world, and explained to the writer that he fancied his courage was due to his insensibility to the roar which he could see that other people heard. And finally, all voices became low and muffled, till it seemed as if everybody, even noisy men, spoke as civilized human beings should speak, with a distinct recognition of the fact that an undisciplined voice is as much worse than a disciplined one as the wild dog's howl is than a civilized dog's bark. Will nobody invent a steel compress for the throats of people who speak loudly? It would be a real boon to mankind. The sense of relief, however, soon ceases to be pleasant as the ear forgets the roar it previously knew, and then the mental suffering begins. The deaf man seems to himself to have been suddenly struck at once with stupidity and with a new sense of shyness; it is with pain and by an effort of the will that he catches sentences addressed in an ordinary tone to himself, while he cannot catch general conversation at all. He listens and listens, but only the beginnings are clearly audible, dying away into a mutter which he half fancies in his irritation is intended to keep them from his ear. We may remark *en passant* that the result of a week's experience was to convince the writer that all men drop their voices as they proceed with a sentence, and that the difference of audibility among voices apparently of the same pitch ranges, to misuse a musical term, over more than one octave. The clearest to a deaf man is a deep but soft bass. In his office the deaf man wears himself with a mental effort to be sure that he has heard all aright, without worrying his interlocutors by repeated questions, and is conscious, if he has many communications to go through, that his temper is beginning to slip beyond his own control. At dinner, if he is dining out, the case is even worse. Everything is more or less confusion. He sees lips moving which say nothing, hears laughter of which he cannot catch the cause, finds footless servants thrusting dishes before him unexpectedly, and could box his next-door neighbour's ears, be she ever so fair, for speaking, as he fancies, so affectingly low. Bits of sentences float towards him which he vainly tries to follow, until at last that curious absorption of thought deaf

men seem so often to fall into comes over him, and all mental power is exhausted in useless effort to piece together the broken images constantly offered to his mind. The situation is not very miserable for a man who believes that it will pass away with the cold which produced it; but what must it be to the really deaf, to the man who knows that he will never again be as other men are, never more hear a whisper, never catch the exhilarating aroma of lively talk, never again be addressed except at the cost of suffering, no matter how slight, to the man or woman who addresses him?

At home it is even worse. The popular notion that accustomed voices are more audible than unaccustomed voices is, the writer suspects from his week's experience, a delusion founded on this mistake. People brought habitually into contact with the deaf insensibly contract the habit of compressing the larynx as they speak to them, and their voices therefore, even when not raised, are more audible than those of other persons; but mere habit of itself does not increase the ease of conversation. A deaf man hears his wife, if she does not modulate her voice specially for deafness, no better than other people. The annoyance, therefore, of deafness at home is even greater than abroad because there is a greater wish to hear, and conversation naturally takes more of the form of narration. The deaf man, too, being less restrained at home, becomes conscious within very few hours that he is falling into deaf tricks, into a constant demand for repetition, into the sidelong attitude which brings his best ear to the front, into the ugly gesture involved in placing the hand behind the ear, to make a sort of sounding-board for the speaker's voice to rebound against. In fact, the possibility of easy intercourse, of conversation facile as thinking, of chat in which no one is burdened, of society in which listening is pleasanter than speaking, disappears for him, and with it one-half the pleasure and charm of modern life. He is isolated from his kind with an isolation which has no compensating solitude, or additional power of self-communion. It is all pure loss, loss of power, loss of enjoyment, loss of ease, loss of opportunities of exertion.

To some natures, we suspect, deafness brings with it much active pain. People talking in a room can hardly help glancing at the one man who does not hear, and he therefore, if sensitive, can hardly avoid the suspicion that he is himself the subject of conversation. An old lady told us once that it had cost her five years to overcome that idea, and assure herself that the glances which an-

noyed her so much were really unconscious invitations to her to join the conversation, and were made timid only by the instant recollection that as she could not comply the invitation might give pain. To the timid, too, deafness must be a terrible aggravation of nervous suffering. We are hardly aware, until we have lost it, how much we rely on the sense of hearing to protect us from danger, how difficult it is, for example, to cross a London thoroughfare in safety by the aid only of the eyes, how much sound aids us in avoiding a crowd, a falling tile, a shutter rising out of the pavement. A street in London must, to a thoroughly deaf man, be a miserable place, as miserable as an opera house where he can catch no note below a certain pitch, and is bothered to death by the apparent dislocation of all sounds. What with the loss of enjoyment in melody, in society, in home intercourse, and in friendship, with the increase in terror of some kinds, and with the slight sympathetic dullness of brain which we strongly suspect always accompanies a diminution in the faculty of hearing, Heaven keep us, of all the minor miseries of life, from long-continued deafness!

From the Mining Journal.

THE NEW SCIENCE — ATOMECHANICS.

THE importance of a scientific discovery can never be judged of by the manner of its reception by the learned, for it not unfrequently happens that those which develop the greatest truths are precisely those which have the hardest struggle to obtain recognition; they usually necessitate the use of terms which are not familiar to us, and often require us to unlearn much that we have learned, and to cause our thoughts to flow in an entirely new channel. At a comparatively recent date, geology, now recognized as a science of paramount importance in connection with almost every branch of our national industry, was looked upon with suspicion, and geologists were generally considered to be either deluded enthusiasts or impostors; whilst at the present time the science of atomechanics, or chemistry considered as the mechanics of the panatons, occupies a position not very dissimilar to that of geology at the period referred to. The discovery of the existence of pantogen, which may be regarded as the primary chemical principle, just as gravitation is the primary mechanical principle, is due to Gustav Hinrichs, and dates from the commencement of the year 1855, when he was a student in the Polytechnic School of Copenhagen, founded by Oersted, and at that time under the superintendence of that distinguished chemist, the late Professor Forchhammer. In 1856 and 1857

Hinrichs communicated a memoir upon atomo-
chanics to various *savants* and academies in
Europe, and in his several papers, published
between 1860 and 1866, reference to the subject
has frequently been made; but it was not until
the present year that a complete outline of the
new science was printed, in the form of a large
quarto lithographed memoir, transferred from the
author's own handwriting, and elaborately il-
lustrated with the necessary diagrams.

Atomechanics, as it is at present before us, is,
as the author remarks, far from perfect, for he
has only taken the first step into a boundless
realm; but he has already done enough to prove
that the study of the science will not be devoid
of interest. He reminds us that the phlogiston
theory was altogether extinguished by the dis-
coveries of Lavoisier, and that it was only after
the establishment of the beautiful laws of Dulong
and Petit, Gay Lussac and Mitscherlich, that
chemistry could be reduced by the labours of
Gerhardt to an exact science, while it remained
for the great discoveries in organic chemistry
from Liebig to Berthelot, and the spectral analy-
sis of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, to make the domain
of chemistry as universal as that of astronomy;
the history of astronomy since 1619, when Kep-
ler's third law was discovered, may teach us
what changes await modern chemistry. We
may conclude, he observes, from the analogy
between the history of astronomy and that of
chemistry, that there exists some general princi-
ple which will transform modern chemistry into
a mechanics of the atoms, for, about fifty years
after Kepler, astronomy had become a mechanics
of the heavenly bodies. As the basis of this ce-
lestial mechanics is but a hypothesis, so a simi-
lar hypothesis may be pronounced with regard
to the chemical atoms. Let us suppose that the
atoms of the chemical elements only differ in re-

gard to quantity—that is, in regard to the
number and relative position of the atoms of
some one primary matter, just as the planets
only differ according to the number of pounds
of ponderable matter they contain, and its dis-
tribution around their axes. Since everything
would thus be composed of this one primary
matter, Professor Hinrichs calls it pantogen, and
its atoms panatoms. But this is a hypothesis.
No doubt! Even universal gravitation is noth-
ing more than a hypothesis; and, as this hy-
pothesis is the fundamental principle of theo-
retical astronomy, so the hypothesis of pantogen
explains the numerical relation of the atomic
weights, and gives a simple, comprehensive, be-
cause natural, classification of the elements, that
the chemical, physical, and morphological or
crystallographic properties of the elements and
their combinations may be calculated just as the
orbit of a planet is calculated.

The panatoms, or atoms of pantogen, are
necessarily equal; they must be considered as
simple and material points, totally devoid of all
occult properties. When combined they are at
certain fixed distances from each other. Three
combined form necessarily an equilateral tri-
angle; since this is the only position of stable
equilibrium of three equal material points.
More panatoms combining herewith in the same
plane will continue this geometrical law, thus
forming hexagons, &c., divisible into regular
triangles. According as the figures thus formed,
or atomares, are composed of equilateral tri-
angles, or squares, the elements are divided into
two orders, trigonoids (or metalloids) and tetra-
gonoids (or metals). According to geometrical
outline of the atomare these orders are sub-
divided into genera; the species (or elements)
correspond to given values of the variables ex-
pressing the geometrical form of the genus.

RODERICK VICH MURCHISON!

HAIL to the Chief in Johanna romances
Belief from the first who had pluck to decline!
Long may such guesses as those he advances
At Burlington House be confirmed 'neath the
Line!
Baker confess them true,
Burton knock under, too,
Galton and Peth'rick, Grant, Osborne, & Co.,
Own them mistaken men,
Shout till they're hoarse again,
"Roderick vich Murchison—ho—ieroe!"

His was no fancy as not worth account in
Brains scientific aside to be laid:
Though Moussa's lie loomed as large as a moun-
tain,
To declare he saw through it he wasn't afraid.
'Gainst F. G. S.'s shock
Sole he stood, like a rock,
All the louder cried, "Yes," all the more they
said "No."
Burton and Baker then
Echo his praise again,
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly we talk over Livingstone's doings,
Slave-hunters and fevers and tsetse defied,
Taganyika, Nyassa, and Nile's central flowings,
Traced, mastered, and mapped, with the tribes
at their side!
Though Afric tamed to trade,
Freed from slave-dealers' raid,
May be a dream of Utopian glow,
Livingstone's dreams, ye ken,
Like him, turn up again!
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"
Shout, fellows,* shout, for the pride of the High-
lands—
Murchison's come of a high Gaelic line,
Old as Silurian slates in these islands,
That bed on which he may be proud to re-
cline!
But a still brighter gem
'Twill be for him and them,
Livingstone here in the autumn to show,
While swells and learned men,
Make the rooms ring again,
"Roderick vich Murchison, ho! ieroe!"
—Punch, 9 May.

* Of the Geographical Society, of course.

From the Sunday Magazine.

"ECCE HOMO."

A SECOND LETTER FROM A GERMAN CLERGYMAN.

SINCE I wrote my last letter I have learnt that Professor Dorner has written in the *Studien und Kritiken* a criticism on "Ecce Homo," and that a firm in Erlangen has at length ventured to publish a translation of that book in our tongue. I am very anxious, I may say curious, to know how it will be received by our public, and in how far my suppositions will be confirmed.

In the meantime Mr. Gladstone has finished his essay in *Good Words*. This brings me into the very middle of the subject; want of time and space having compelled me to break off my line of remark rather abruptly last time. I see that Mr. Gladstone advocates the position which he understands to be assumed by the author of "Ecce Homo,"—that of "considering for the moment all Christian tradition, or Christian institutions, all the long and diversified experience of Faith in the world," and I may even add, all the apostolic teaching about the person and life of Jesus Christ, "as non-existent, and of going direct into the presence of Christ, not however as He now presents Himself to us, bearing in his hand the long roll of conquests, but such as beside the Sea of Galilee . . . He then offered himself to the ordinary Jew, with no other arms but those of his commission and his character, and the character of his acts and words." And Mr. Gladstone manifests great admiration of this method, which he thinks "eminently suited to the needs of our particular day and generation." He praises it highly on account of its educational merits. Mr. Gladstone even points to the fact that God himself used no other method in educating the human race, since He did not at once place mankind in the middle of the dazzling light of the Gospel, but gradually prepared them for it by the shadows of the law. Neither did He suddenly manifest all the brightness of the divinity of Christ before the dim gaze of his disciples, but wisely shrouded that divinity by the veil of manhood till, through gradual training, their eyes had become strong enough to bear the brilliancy of his higher nature. In this Mr. Gladstone seems to think the author of "Ecce Homo" was not only justified, but deserves our praise and admiration, in having brought us "into the presence of Jesus of Nazareth without any foregone conclusion, either of submission or of dissent," requiring us to forget for a moment, as it

were, that we are Christians taught by the Apostles, and thus placing us on a level with the Jews among whom Jesus lived, in order that, by approaching Him on the human side, and by making, as it were, his personal acquaintance as a *Man*, we may gradually arrive at such knowledge of his person as will make us apprehend that He is more than mere Man, and cause us to drop down at his feet with the exclamation—"My Lord and my God."

Now, leaving for the present the question whether it can be proved from the book itself, that the writer really wrote it with such an educational purpose as Mr. Gladstone supposes, permit me to express my opinion that such a method must necessarily prove a failure, because the results at which it aims are psychologically impossible. Perhaps it is possible successfully to apply that method in the case of an altogether ignorant, say a heathenish public, which had never heard a word of church doctrines and traditions. But it was not for such a public that the author intended his book. He wrote it for a Christian nation, which for centuries and from childhood has been taught and trained in the orthodox church opinion. Thousands may disbelieve the orthodox doctrines, and hundreds of thousands may feel altogether indifferent to them, but certainly there is not one among the readers of "Ecce Homo" who does not *know* them. Now, to require of such a public to dismiss that knowledge from its mind, and to read a newly-composed biography or character picture of Christ, *tabula rasa*, is to require an impossibility. One might just as well require a man to read a novel the second time in the same mood of mind in which he had read it at first. The man who doubts or does not care for church doctrines and traditions, and yet cares enough for truth to inquire what kind of person the Founder of the Christian religion really was, and in what relation he ought to stand to Him, will undoubtedly hail a biography of Jesus which is drawn from purely historical sources, and free from the influence of traditional assumptions. But then what he will expect, above all, is an explanation of those passages in the life of Jesus which have induced the church to build upon them its doctrines and traditions. It is true the writer may answer: "Well, I have nothing to do with these doctrines and traditions, and you must entirely ignore them; only read my biography of Jesus, and if those doctrines and traditions are true, you will yourself come to apprehend them; if not, you need no longer care for them." But the reply to this will be:

"Very well; but you cannot really expect me to forget the church doctrines *for ever*. I have read your book, and I think I understand pretty correctly the image of Jesus as you have tried to depict it, and while engaged in reading I have dismissed from my mind all my knowledge of the church doctrines and traditions, as far as that was possible, but now that I have finished the book you will permit me to call to mind again those doctrines and traditions. And here I must confess, that taking your image of Christ to be the true one, I find myself altogether at variance with the church. Your picture of Christ will never lead me to behold in Him the sin-bearing and sin-atonement sacrifice slain in our stead. Your picture will never cause me to adore Him as God, to worship Him as the second person in the Holy Trinity. Your picture will never make me see in Jesus the Christ of the Scriptures, whom many prophets and kings have desired to see. And here you certainly cannot find fault with my asking you whether you are certain that you have given me a *correct* picture, for if this is all that can be said of the history of the Man Jesus Christ, I cannot understand how the Apostles and the church could possibly build their theology upon that history."

And to this question the writer cannot give a satisfactory answer. Upon closer examination of the historical documents from which the picture is drawn, we find that the writer has not told us all that can be said of the Son of Mary, and that he has left a few very important incidents in the life of Jesus wholly unmentioned. Had these incidents been dealt with and placed in their proper light, they would have been sure to lead us towards the teaching of Paul and the theology of the church. I am not at present prepared to discuss how far such manner of drawing historical character-pictures may be called fair and honest. But this much is certain, that it is educationally wrong. If you want to enable your pupil to draw his own conclusions from the image of a historical person, you ought at any rate to present that image to him correct and complete.

Moreover, it would in my opinion be a strange educational method, which, when giving instruction in some science, art, or philosophical system, required its pupil to ignore what in the process of time had already been acquired, in order to go back to the dark period of the first rudiments, and from thence to scramble up again to the latest light.

Mr. Gladstone endeavours to justify that method by pointing to the example which

he believes God has set before us. But it is not too much to say that God never did any such thing. There is not in the history of mankind a single instance of God, after having trained a generation to a certain degree of knowledge and belief, requiring the next generation to dismiss from their minds that which had been handed down to them by their fathers, and to begin again where their first progenitors began. The Jews were trained by the law until Christ appeared, when the law was put aside; but God never told a subsequent generation to dismiss from their minds for a time the knowledge of the gospel, and to begin again at the foot of Sinai. I know many Christians are of opinion that every man who is to come to Christ must still be put under the law first, but I have nowhere found this opinion corroborated by Scripture. It is an opinion which seems to me as unchristian as it is absurd. It is as absurd as would be the proceeding of a man who, to teach his son to read, were to begin with written documents in old characters, and then afterwards printed books, and who would justify his method by saying that God had taught mankind to read in the same way. An absurdity very similar to this is committed by the writer of "Ecce Homo," if it be true that he has written his book with that educational purpose which Mr. Gladstone ascribes to him; if it be true that, for the purpose of carrying us up to the full knowledge of Christ Jesus, the Son of the living God and the Saviour of the world, he "invites us to consider all Christian tradition as non-existent, and to take our place next to the ignorant but honest Jew who heard the Rabbi of Nazareth and saw his deeds at Capernaum."

Mr. Gladstone, however, deems this method "eminently suited to the needs of our peculiar day and generation," which shows "a disposition to deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim from its long historic existence." Well, but what is the *nature* of this kind of unbelief? What is it that renders Christianity repulsive in the eyes of the modern school? Is it the doctrine that there was a great man of the name of Jesus, who, living in Palestine eighteen centuries ago, has proved to be the greatest religious teacher that ever lived and blessed human society with that astounding reformation of its moral and social condition, of which our present civilisation is the wonderful effect? Not at all. Christ's true humanity, his unparalleled human excellency, his lofty genius and talents, all this is gladly believed by the modern skeptics. What then renders

the Christ of the Christian church so repulsive to them? It is certainly not the human, but the superhuman, the supernatural—his miracles, his resurrection, his elevation to the throne of God. Only strip the Christ of the church of that "fantastic radiance," and your people who "deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim" will at once be satisfied. Of course, we cannot do that. On the contrary, we wish to convince those unbelievers that they are altogether wrong, that the tradition of the church is quite correct, and that the supernatural in Christ's life was a fact. Well, what is the best way to produce that conviction in them, in so far as this is in the power of man? The answer is: *Prove* to them from the records of history that the supernatural deeds of Christ are supported by the strongest evidence science can reasonably demand. And has the writer of "Ecce Homo" done this? Not a bit of it! He does not even so much as attempt it. He simply tells his readers that miracles, though in themselves extremely improbable things, yet have in reality been performed by Christ. "The evidence by which these facts are supported," he says, "cannot be tolerably accounted for by any hypothesis except that of their being true. And if they are once admitted, the antecedent improbability of many miracles less strongly attested is much diminished." This, then, is all the writer has to say about the supernatural in the life of Christ. It is a fact; when we begin to read the book, we must begin by believing *that*. But on what authority? Only on the writer's. *He* says it is so.

How this can contribute so much as a straw towards the conversion of people who "deny outright the authority of Christianity," it is impossible for me to perceive.

Great injury is often inflicted on the character of an historical person by representing one of the subordinate purposes which he may have had in view as though it had been the chief object of his aspirations, and the main motive of his actions. It is a misrepresentation which does far greater harm than a caricature would do. And it is exactly such a misrepresentation of the person of Christ, to say, for instance, that He veiled his divinity in his humanity for an educational purpose. It is quite true that a strong educational element prevailed all through our Lord's life. He was himself trained as a child. His whole life was to him what life is to every man—a school in which He was continually being educated, "learning obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect" for

his high destiny (Heb. v. 8, 9). In the same way, by a gradual process, He also trained his disciples up to the knowledge of the great truths which their minds would not have been strong enough to take in at once. All this has been very ably and eloquently expounded by Mr. Gladstone. But one gives altogether a misrepresentation of the person and appearance of Christ, if he neglects to show that, according to the teaching of the historical documents, this educational process was not the *purpose* but the inevitable *sequel* of the Lord's incarnation. Thus, the Son of God did not become man for the purpose of educating, but of saving us. He came to die for us, and to rise again from the grave for our good. To effect this it is self-evident that he had to become a man, *i.e.*, to hide his divinity in *our* manhood. Had he, during his life on earth, continually displayed the majesty of his divinity, his death on the cross would have been impossible. So we see there was a necessity for his veiling his divinity, quite apart from all educational and philanthropic purposes. Had that necessity *not* existed, it is very questionable whether the mere educational purpose would have been a strong enough reason to keep him so many years in midst of toil, suffering, and shame. Of course the training which He gave to his disciples was not altogether in vain, but neither was its effect upon their "hardened hearts" (Mark vi. 52) so amazing that it could with any propriety be held out as the chief object of our Lord's incarnation. Indeed it is difficult to say what progress the disciples, during the three years of his teaching, had made in the knowledge of their Master's Messianic character and destiny. When first they made his acquaintance, they did not know, for instance, that the Messiah of Israel had to suffer, to die, and to be raised again. But Jesus over and over again *taught* them that doctrine in the plainest possible terms. Well, but did they understand it on the day of the crucifixion? Just about as little as on the first day of their acquaintanceship with him. His teaching, with reference to this important point at least, appeared altogether lost upon them. What they wanted was—the Holy Ghost. No sooner, on the day of Pentecost, did that Spirit enter their souls, than scales fell as it were from their eyes, and they *saw* in one moment what three years' instructions from the greatest teacher had not been sufficient to make them see. It is clear from history that the teaching and training was delegated to the *Spirit*. As to *Christ's* teaching and training, it could only be very limited, rudimen-

tary, and, so to speak, accessory to the great work which He came to perform.

To say that Christ veiled his divinity with his manhood for an educational purpose, is to misrepresent the history of the Man Jesus. The author of "Ecce Homo" similarly misrepresents his character by asserting that our Lord always kept himself in an obscure condition, because He was "one naturally contented with obscurity, wanting the restless desire for distinction and eminence which is common in great men," &c. (p. 168 *et passim*). True, Christ was, more than any other man, meek and lowly in heart; but the Gospels nowhere give *this* as a reason why He kept himself aloof from distinction and eminence, and refused to manifest himself in all the mystery of his royalty. Numerous are the passages in the Gospels from which it is as clear as sunlight that Jesus had constantly but *one* point in prospect. To reach this He strained every nerve, because it was *the* point He must reach if everything for time and eternity was not to be lost. That one point was — Calvary. Did He not continually "show unto his disciples how that He must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed, and be raised again the third day"? Now it stands to reason that a Christ who not only has this prospect in view, but likewise anxiously avoids everything that might prevent its realisation, cannot possibly manifest himself in his royal majesty, but *must*, as much as possible, hide himself in obscurity, "lest the people," as the fourth Gospel has it, "should come and take Him by force, to make Him a king." Truly Christ was by no means so indifferent to "distinction and eminence" as the writer supposes. He aimed at far higher distinction and eminence than was ever even so much as thought of by any other human being, — a glory and honour compared with which the distinctions and eminences which great men commonly desire are but trash and tinsel. So He left those distinctions alone, not because he was too humble to desire them, but because He deemed himself too illustrious not to spurn them. Indeed, He had not the slightest objection to his disciples making Him known as the Christ, the Lord, the Lord of Glory; only He desired that they should wait till He was killed and had risen again. That He was entitled to that highest of all distinctions, He showed them one day in secret on the mount of transfiguration, where for a moment they beheld his all-outshining glory. But when they came down from the mountain again, "He charged them that they should tell no man what things they

had seen." What? tell it to no man? and never tell it? Oh yes, they should yet be free to tell it, and were only to keep it secret "till the Son of Man were raised from the dead" (Mark ix. 9). This is something different, however, from "natural contentment with obscurity." This is the wise prudence of a king, who avails himself of a temporary disguise to secure in the future all the greater power and glory.

I must, for a moment, return to my foregoing observation — that it is clear from history that the teaching and training which Christ imparted to his disciples could not but be very limited, and only preliminary in nature. We know from the unanimous and unqualified belief which the first Christian church professed about Christ, that his death and resurrection were events of such prime importance, that they determined most definitely his true *being* and *character* as an historical person. So much was this so, that without knowing the object and meaning of these events, it is impossible to have before one's mind a clear, complete, and historically true image of the Man Jesus of Nazareth. In other words, the death and resurrection of Christ contribute most of the principal features for forming a true character-picture of Him as a man. Now, what could Jesus teach his disciples about these two important events before they had taken place? The answer of the three Gospels is, next to nothing. He could only throw out a few hints in that direction; but even these sounded in their ears like unto words without meaning. The great questions as to his true character and the object of his life on earth, — such questions, for instance, as Who He was? where He had come from? why He was so immoveably intent upon being killed and buried? what were the meaning and object of his bodily reappearance on earth after his death? — all such questions could not be discussed, except in very short and enigmatic sentences. We know from history that this branch of instruction was left to the Holy Ghost, who was to teach the church *after* the above-mentioned events had taken place. It was He who enabled the disciples to draw a complete picture of the nature, character, work, and destiny of that wonderful Man with whom they had lived for three years, but whom they had never known and understood as they now knew and understood Him.

Now if this be correct — and I believe the truth of it is evident from the contents of the synoptists and the Acts — I would ask whether a historian who purposes to portray an image of Christ from historical

sources, is acting justly in not only limiting himself to the Gospels, but to that portion only of the Gospel story which describes the life of Jesus *before* and until his death and resurrection? Is it right and fair to make up the contents of a teacher's system from that portion of his instruction alone which—owing to the liminary and, for the purpose of teaching, unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed—could only be incomplete, abrupt, and fragmentary, while the remaining and completing portion of his instruction, which he committed to an agent equal to himself, is left wholly unnoticed? Has a historian who pretends to give a character-picture of an historical person the right to take his materials from one portion of the life of that person alone, and to leave another and not less important portion of that life altogether unnoticed? Suppose that a writer were to give us a portrait of the first Napoleon, and to take his materials solely from that portion of the hero's life which ends with the Russian campaign in 1812; would anybody ascribe the least historical or scientific value to that composition, though written ever so ably and eloquently? Well, what short of this has the writer of "Ecce Homo" done? Renan is quite right, from his stand-point, when he regards the crucifixion as the terminus of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, for he does not believe in the resurrection. But to the writer of "Ecce Homo," who does believe in the resurrection, the crucifixion cannot, or at least *may* not, be the terminus. To him the life of Jesus on earth cannot appear as finally terminated, before He leaves this earth for good by ascending to heaven. So the writer, according to the rules of congruity, ought to have had regard to the death and resurrection of Jesus as being events in his life, which, not less than the baptism, the temptation, the miracles, and his daily intercourse, threw their own peculiar and most important light upon the character of that wonderful historical person.

I am sorry to say that I cannot help regarding this manner of dealing with historical documents as unworthy of an historian and a scientific man. It is not what we call honest, loyal fidelity to history. You are perfectly at liberty to reject this or that document, or portion of a document, as spurious if its genuineness is not proved to you, and you remain unblameable in making no use of that document for your composition. But if you acknowledge a certain historical document, which contains information about your subject, as trustworthy, you are guilty of infidelity to his-

tory if, notwithstanding, you leave that document aside, and proceed as if it did not exist. Your portrait cannot be but partial, one-sided, untrue—the portrait of such a Christ as *you* would like Him to be, and which you have not built up from all the materials history gave you, but only from *such* as you could use towards decorating your pet image. In a word, your picture must inevitably teem with misrepresentations of historical facts.

And that the writer of "Ecce Homo" is not averse to this, I am sorry to say is clear from almost every page of his book. I will take one instance—the manner in which he represents the Holy Ghost to us. He tells us it is "an enthusiasm," to which he gives the name of "the enthusiasm of humanity." Now the writer is perfectly at liberty to say, "I do not believe the Holy Spirit was, or is, or could be anything else but that;" but then he should not leave his reader under the impression that this is the representation of the Holy Ghost which *history* gives us. The writer must know that Luke in the Acts does not represent the Holy Ghost as a *thing*, but as a *Person*, who speaks and acts independently of any other personality—a *person* who may *inspire* an enthusiasm, but is not an enthusiasm himself. (Acts viii. 29, 39; xv. 28, &c.) It is in the same character that the Holy Ghost appears in the Epistles of Paul when he describes the operations of that Spirit in the churches and in himself. In short, the history of the first Christian church knows nothing of a Holy Ghost who is an enthusiasm, a feeling, a passion, or a *thing*. Had any one spoken in these terms, say to Apollos, or to Epaphras, or to Timothy, or to Philemon, about the Holy Spirit, his speech would have sounded as absurd as if he had said that Christ was an enthusiasm. Now to speak of what the historian represents as a person as though it were only a thing, is an absurd misrepresentation of an historical fact, unless you can clearly prove that the representation of the historians is incorrect, or can only be understood in a metaphorical sense. But this the writer has certainly not done.

Another instance is the writer's representation of the Lord's temptation in the desert (pp. 8-16). Now, before proceeding to criticise this portion of the book, let me observe that if the writer had frankly told us at the outset that he regarded the Gospel narrative of the temptation as an allegory, or as a vision or dream of Jesus, I should have no other request to make than that he should give us the grounds for his opinion. But the writer acknowledges the

temptation as an historical fact. "A retirement of Christ into the desert, and a remarkable struggle at the beginning of his career," he says, "are incidents extremely probable in themselves, and the account of the temptation, from whatever source derived, has a very striking internal consistency" (p. 9). A few lines lower down he says, "The narrative of the Evangelists is not like a poem, though it affords materials for a poem; it is rather a dry chronicle" (p. 10). Now we know what representation of this event in Jesus' life the Evangelists give. It is a colloquy between two persons, Christ and Satan. The latter is the chief character, the assailant, Christ acting only negatively. Satan makes three proposals, to which Christ replies. The proposals are very wicked, and even blasphemous, just such suggestions as may be expected from the mouth of an utterly wicked, godless being. Well, but how does the story look as it comes from the pen of the writer? It is altogether different, hardly recognisable, indeed, as a modification of the Gospel narrative. It is a soliloquy of Christ. The devil, the chief actor in the drama, is done away with (probably because the writer does not believe in the existence of a devil). The three wicked and blasphemous proposals appear as suggestions which arise in Christ's own mind. They have a common root—one fundamental mother-thought, as it were, from which these three harpies have birth. It is the thought which, immediately after the baptism, took possession of Christ's mind, "I am possessed of miraculous power, and what am I to do with it?" The writer plainly tells us that "what is called Christ's temptation is the excitement of his mind, which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power" (p. 11). The writer is, however, honest enough frankly to admit that "none of our biographies point this out." Of course not. How could they when, according to *their* narrative, the tempting thoughts did not originate in Christ, but in his wicked adversary? But though none of our biographies point it out, "yet," the writer says, "it is visibly the key to the whole narrative." Oh yes, if you make altogether a different story of it; if you leave out the devil; if you put just such passions, aspirations, and reflections into Christ's mind as are necessary to make your key visible. You may do all that very ingeniously, but then there is no truth in it. *C'est magnifique. mais — ce n'est pas l'histoire.*

Mr. Gladstone is quite right when he finds nothing offensive in the writer's asser-

tion that "we are to conceive Christ as becoming now (*i. e.*, about the time of the temptation), for the first time, conscious of miraculous powers." This is really one of the best sentences in the book. Had the writer devoted his uncommon talent for discrimination and logical deduction to working out this train of thought, he would indeed have placed the *Homo* before our view. But, owing to his gratuitous inductive method, he has altogether failed to do so. It stands to reason that if Christ really was a man, He must have known many successive stages in his mental development, at which He became, for the first time, conscious of one thing or another. And so it is very probable that the moment at which He first became conscious of miraculous powers was between his baptism and the temptation. But why this consciousness must needs bring about such a temptation as his, is more than the evangelists tell us, and more than I can see. The writer says, "the key is visible," but not, in my opinion, to common human eyes. The writer makes very great cry of the possession of miraculous power. Were we not better informed, we should suppose, from his description, that nobody before Christ ever was possessed of that power, and that it must be some tremendously great but still mere brute force, which one who is so lucky as to get possession of may employ, just like Aladdin's magic lamp, either for a good or a bad purpose, as he pleases. "Here," the writer exclaims, "we see, the good man placed in a position *utterly strange, deprived of the stay of all precedent or example,** gifted with power not only extraordinary, but supernatural and unlimited," &c. Now, is this true? Were not Moses and Joshua, Elijah and Elisha, gifted with miraculous power? Perhaps the writer does not believe in the astounding miracles of these great prophets, as genuine historical facts; but *Jesus* believed in them at any rate, and to *Him* they were undoubtedly "precedents or examples." Nor do we learn from the history of these men that the possession of that supernatural gift is such an exceedingly dangerous thing as necessarily to lead its owner into great temptations. "In difficult circumstances," the writer says, "few men can wield extraordinary power long without positively committing crime" (p. 11). This may be so far true of secular power, but history does not show us that it likewise holds good of the divine power of performing miracles. The devil thought it was the case, but he soon found himself

* It is I who put italics here.

mistaken. Moses and Elijah were often in very great difficulties indeed. What crimes did they commit? It is true Elijah twice killed a band of fifty men by his miraculous power, but that was not a crime under the then existing dispensation. Everywhere we find these good men serving God, and ministering to his people in humility and simplicity of heart, notwithstanding that they have the power of healing the leprous, of drawing down fire from heaven, and even of raising the dead. Speaking of the third temptation, the author says (p. 13), "A vision of universal monarchy rose before him. What suggested such thoughts to the son of a carpenter?" And his answer is, "What but the same new sense of supernatural power which tempted him to turn stones into bread, &c.! The mental struggle is caused by the question, how to use the supernatural power" (p. 14). "This," he adds (p. 13), "together with the Baptist's predictions" (*Which predictions of the Baptist? I certainly do not know of any having reference to a universal monarchy*), "and those Messianic predictions of the ancient prophets, on which we can imagine that he had been brooding, might naturally suggest such an imagination." I can understand how the Messianic predictions might have done this, but the writer evidently considers these only as something accessory. The chief source from which, according to his theory, the vision of universal monarchy arose, was "the new sense of the miraculous power." Now, is it not strange that nothing analogous to this is to be found in the history of Moses or Joshua? If the possession of miraculous power is really so apt to make a man think of a monarchy and of exercising dominion over the nations, why did it never suggest such a thought to these men, who were actually at the head of an army? Indeed the Christ of "Ecce Homo" comes to stand far below these men, whose noble self-restraint and humble self-denial were, on our author's showing, far greater than his, since they not only were in the possession of miraculous, but also of strong military power. To the Christ of "Ecce Homo" the temptation was very great. To them even the thought of it did not occur. They were too humble and noble-minded, too pious and devout for it.

But all this absurdity is the necessary sequel of the attempt at making history say what it never meant to say. According to the narratives of the Evangelists, the central question round which the temptations turned, was not "How to use the supernatural power?" but this, "Art thou the Son of God?" We do not read that Jesus

at his baptism received the gift of supernatural power, but we read that then for the first time he heard a voice from heaven say that He was God's Son. Now, what a Jew understood by that illustrious, all-surpassing title, is well known. It was the title of a *man*, who, of all the countless millions of human beings born of women, was to bear that title. To him, in the second Psalm, the dominion of all the peoples of the earth was promised when God said, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." On the occasion of his baptism the official declaration from heaven was given that Jesus was that One out of myriads of millions. It was believed that there were some characteristic marks of that illustrious Personage described in Scripture by which his identity could be tested. Among others, he must be able to perform miracles, and to show that he was the Person who was described in the 91st Psalm.

Now, what do the narratives of the Gospels tell us? Simply this, that Jesus, after having received the official declaration that he was that highest and fairest one among the children of men, was driven by the Spirit into the desert, where he met with a wicked individual, who tried to make Him waver in his belief that He was this high Personage. To this end it was that the tempter challenged Him to show one or two of the characteristic marks of the Son of God. The challenge having been disdainfully refused, the tempter offered Him *now* the possession of that boundless kingdom which the second Psalm promised to the Son of God at a *future* period. The offer was scornfully rejected, because the Son of God was to receive that kingdom from God, and not from the prince of the evil spirits.

This is the story. It is out and out Israelitish. If it were a dream, it was just such a dream as an Israelite who believed himself to be the Messiah, who believed in the existence of the great adversary of the Messiah, Satan, and who likewise believed that it was the Messiah's task to wrench the kingdoms of this earth from the grasp of that adversary, could have dreamt. The description of the temptation in "Ecce Homo," on the contrary, is altogether un-Jewish. It makes of Jesus of Nazareth only an ambitious heathen. But what right have we to call the story a dream? It is either *history*, or it is not. If it is not, let us leave it alone. What have we to do with fables? If, on the contrary, it is *history*—which the writer of "Ecce Homo" admits—

let us, then, be honest enough to take that history as it is given to us, and not to squeeze, twist, and wrench it, till it becomes such a story as *we* should have wished it. You may say, "I do not understand everything in it, so I will not try to explain it."

Or you may say, "I do not believe it, so I will say nothing about it." But you have no right whatever to say, "The Evangelists do not tell the story well, but *I* will tell you prettily how things really happened."

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(A Song of the Day.)

THROUGH realms Thaumaturgic the student may roam,
And not light on a worker of wonders like Home!
Cagliostro himself might descend from his chair,
And set up our Daniel as Grand-Cophta, there—
Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

Confronted with Home, Lyon's terrors are vain;
Into fortunes he flies, and won't fly out again;
And with raps such as his, "worth a rap" means worth all
For which, on rappes, up-to-snuff rappers call—
Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

Spirit-legs, spirit-hands he gives table and chair;
Gravitation defying, he flies in the air;
But the fact to which henceforth his fame should be pinned,
Is his power to raise, not himself, but the wind!—
Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

He is vouched for by friends, F. R. S.'s, M. P.'s;
With Emp'ror and Czar hob-and-nobs at his ease;
And to show off for shillings he cannot have grounds,
Who still has on tap draughts for thousands of pounds!—
Home, Home, Dan Home,
No Medium like Home!

—Punch.

THE FAIRY'S RESCUE.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Good luck for me!
There's a humble-bee
Rolling in the clover;
Hay-seed, fly over
And catch him for me.

I must take a ride to-day
O'er the waves of blooming hay.
Up the hill-side, in the glen
Live two little, elvish men.

LIVING AGE. VOL. IX. 367

Their beards are white, their beards are long,
Their hands are big, their hands are strong.
They've got my baby in their den,
The hateful, hateful elvish men!
They rode on a long-tailed dragon-fly,
And they soared low, and they soared high;
They snatched her up
From a butter-cup
And carried her off
With squeal and scoff.

They'll make her toil, they'll make her slave,
Their hoards of blossom-dust to save;
They'll harness her with beetles, too,
To drag their acorn-cups of dew.
Get up, humble-bee!
Or I'll tickle thy furry thigh
With this beard of golden rye—
Get up, humble-bee!

Buzz! buzz! hum! hum!
Here I come!
I've got her! The hateful, elvish men
Shall never, never find her again.

I stormed their den with my humble-bee;
With his big, sharp lance he fought for me.
We tore their walls of rotting bark,
We chased them into their dungeons dark;
With strong pine needles we barred them in,
There they shall stay till they rue their sin.

I found my darling with smutty wings,
And spotted with cruel nettle-stings;
But I've swung her through the waterfall's mist,
And a cleaner darling never was kissed.
I'll put her to bed in the grass down deep,
And set the crickets to sing her to sleep.
—Public Opinion.

THE CITY PIGEONS.

How yonder flock of silver wings
Fly round in ever-changing rings!
And as they cut the azure's pride,
And turn their pinions' silken side,
All sparkle like a net of stars.

Below, half bright in early beams,
The trodden city pours its streams,
And deafens with the roll of cars;
But high those white-plumed spirits soar
Above the tide of rich and poor,
And see the fresh blue morning bent
O'er Earth that toils with Earth content.

—Chambers's Journal.

From The Spectator.

FREDRIKA BREMER.*

MISS BREMER is such a favourite in England that many will take up this book with interest. We are afraid everybody will lay it down with disappointment. This is not altogether the fault of the writer, though the details actually given us are just sufficient to tantalize us, for if they were not so agreeable we should not feel so keenly the want of more. Nor is it, in spite of many clumsy phrases and an appearance of two languages having disagreed with each other, the fault of the translator. But it arises chiefly from the fact that Miss Bremer's sister, who observed her closely during the years of childhood, was parted from her in after life, that Miss Bremer's autobiography extends over some sixteen pages only, and that her letters tell us far too little about herself. We learn a great deal about Miss Bremer as a child, and all this is interesting in the extreme. But of the authoress, the grown woman, the observer of life and manners, the living argument for female suffrage and the rights of the sex, we have mere passing glimpses. Once or twice we are allowed to peep through the outer window of the novelist's workshop. What we see most of is a mischievous, impulsive, awkward, and vain girl, kept down by her parents and indulged by a governess, playing pranks on old and young, and setting out at the age of thirteen to walk to Stockholm, with a view of crossing to Germany in disguise and fighting against Napoleon. As a prelude to a literary life such a childhood has much to recommend it. But we cannot accept it as an equivalent for the life of Miss Bremer.

We have said that Miss Bremer's sister is to be relied upon for the years of childhood. Yet the sketch of this period is not so much a biography of Miss Bremer as an autobiography of one who lived with her. The subsequent fame of one of the children has caused the other to write these recollections; but the democratic mind of a child is not to be drilled into hero-worship. Charlotte cannot forget that Fredrika made all her sisters shut their eyes and pretend to be at the theatre, while she took advantage of the pretence to pillage the luncheon-table. No amount of after reputation can efface the memory of such tricks. Then, too, the children had the same parents, and were treated alike. It is almost impossible to remember that Fredrika was hardly used,

without thinking that the same afflictions were accomplished in Charlotte. The narrative is all the more lifelike for these touches, but the necessary result is that instead of a famous woman we have a girl and her sister. The traits which would be most interesting in a child destined to future fame would be those that another did not share, those that gave some promise, that were in some way connected with subsequent efforts. A plot upon the dishes left from luncheon, and on the fair claim of the other children to a part of the spoil, hardly answers to this definition. Nor do the statements that on the day of their grandmother's funeral the children cried a great deal and eat a great deal of confectionary; that the children had to be thinly dressed in winter, with bare necks and arms, although the rooms were very cold, double windows were unknown, and the panes were so thick with ice that for days together it was impossible to look out of the window. We do not say that such incidents are trivial or common-place. Far from it. They make us familiar with the early days of the future novelist, and they are of interest in a social point of view as throwing a light on Swedish customs. But this is all they do, and, under the circumstances, it is not enough.

We seem to have a foretaste of the works by which Miss Bremer became known when we look at her youthful inquisitiveness. Her sister says there were days on which she put all sorts of questions, and these were called her inquiring days. At one time she had a turn for analyzing her dolls, cutting off their heads, legs, and arms to see what was inside them. This might seem rather the work of the critic than of the novelist, and it appears to have been always of the destructive order. Between the years of seven and ten, Fredrika would throw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon, giving as a reason that it was so delightful to see the flames. China and glass were tested for brittleness on the stone flags before the stove, or on a load of firewood. One day Fredrika went up to her mother and tendered a penny, being all the money she had left, as a compensation for a decanter and three glasses which she had broken. So much was never expected of that coin since the time of the old woman who bought a pig with it, and set so many men, animals, and objects in motion to help her purchase over the stile. In this case the offer had the effect of pacifying Fredrika's mother, who was generally severe with her children. She wanted them, says Fredrika, to be perfect, as the heroines of romances are perfect. And in this the mother

* *Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer.* Edited by her Sister, Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow. London: Low, Son, and Marston.

was disappointed. Fredrika says herself, "I walked badly, sat badly, stood badly, curtsied badly," and the sister's account, though fuller, is hardly more graphic:—

"At the time when Fredrika and I were children, there did not exist the same relation between parents and children as nowadays. Severe parents belong now to the exceptions; at that time they were generally severe, and children felt for them more fear than love and confidence. I remember still how frequently, when we heard the voices of our parents on their return home, we hastened to hide ourselves in our governess's room, or in that of our Finland nurse, old Lena. During the winters, in the first years of our residence in Stockholm, my parents used to be a great deal out in the fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come in to say 'Good morning,' first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door to renew our promenade, curtsy, and kiss her hand. If our curtsy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit, or curtsy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence."

Another parental requirement must have grated harshly on the daughter's mind. The mother wished her children to be ignorant, in order that they might dwell in an atmosphere of purity. They were never allowed to remain in the drawing-room when visitors came, lest they should hear something unsuited to their innocent ears. We may conceive how obnoxious this would be to an inquisitive child, and one whose curiosity was to stand her in such good stead. Again, Fredrika's father had an excellent practice of reading aloud to his daughters in the evening. It is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to excite an early interest and create youthful taste. Unfortunately he read them works they did not care for in a language which they did not understand. We hear more of the severity of the parents from Charlotte than from Fredrika. But Fredrika alludes to it shortly, and complains that while "they stuffed my head full of fine precepts against vanity, they planted vanity itself in my heart." The measures she took to correct the natural lowness of her forehead by pulling out her hair from the roots, and to reduce the size of her nose, in which she was not equally successful, were apparently the chief outward signs

of this weakness. We do not detect it in her letters when she had become famous. This is what she writes on the reception of her second work:—

"It is absurd, absurd, absurd! I believe that some kind fairy has pronounced some hocus-pocus on me and my little book. The sensation which it creates is quite ridiculous. It is now the *ton* to read it, especially in the fashionable world. It is spoken of everywhere; and so is its authoress, who cannot now any longer hope to remain anonymous. I am obliged to listen to so many fine things, that I am only astonished that they do not make me quite giddy (which, after all, they do not). *Medborgaren* (the newspaper) has also reviewed the work, and in a most flattering manner it speaks of the unusual talent of the authoress; and 'the H— family,' especially, gets the most splendid encomiums. Palmblad has written to G—ström that the book meets with such a rapid sale that he must provide a second edition thereof."

In a similar strain, she asks her sister to provide her with materials:—

"If you should happen to see any remarkable personages, any real originals, please describe them to me. I want to make use of them in my *Sketches*. But pray, dearest, mention this, or whatever else I write to you about my authorship, to nobody. People are in general very frightened of being described in books, and in our country an authoress is often looked upon as a regular scarecrow. If I should come to Christianstad, I wish to be known there merely as the sister of Mrs. —, which I am sure will be the best letter of introduction for me."

With the exception of these two passages, and a few of the same kind scattered throughout the letters, the book adds little or nothing to literary history. The details of Miss Bremer's own success are singularly scanty. Of criticism, of revelation, there is hardly a word. Perhaps the few lines in which the authoress speaks of one of the characters in the *Neighbours* are the only exception, and we confess we quote these lines more for the sake of the lesson they teach to other lady novelists than for their intrinsic value:—

"You are right, dear Charlotte! 'I have not been able to make Bruno fall deeply enough' with respect to *deeds*, for only then true love could reveal its power and sublimity. Ah! when the guilty to the eyes of the indifferent spectator disappears in the depths of his dark abyss, when he has forfeited everybody's sympathy and interest, and when the pure and the good turn away from him with horror, then it is that true love triumphantly feels its power, stoops down to the forsaken one, seizes hold of him, and does not rest until it has raised him out of the slough."

I know that it is so, and that this picture is true. But it would have been truer and better, if I had chosen for Bruno another kind of criminality. A murder would have been more in accordance with his character; but there is something so horrible in a murder. On the other hand, a participation to a certain degree in the slave trade may be imagined without the participator necessarily being a hardened villain, especially when his active share in such a trade is soon given up, which his confession seems to imply. It would, therefore, have been better if I had more clearly defined Bruno's share in the misdeed."

From The Spectator.

A STUDY OF TENNYSON.*

MR. TAINSH does not belong to the numerous class of critics who love to detect "notes in sunbeams." He brings a quite sufficiently large share of reverence to his work, but, like many another zealous disciple, he aspires too eagerly to the office of interpreter. We were about to say he had strong sympathy with Tennyson, but sympathy implies insight, which he certainly possesses in a very limited degree, — enough, perhaps, to save him from the charge of "murdering to dissect," but utterly insufficient to render him of service to the careful student of Tennyson's writings. To those who have not made a deep study of Tennyson, Mr. Tainsh's book will afford pleasant reading, and, perhaps, guide the attention to much which might otherwise have been passed by; as, for example, when he observes that Tennyson "has the true dramatic power dashed with a tendency to analysis," we know that he has put into the reader's hand a key for the lack of which many have not read Tennyson aright, and which it is possible he may use to much more purpose than Mr. Tainsh himself has done. For example, there can be no doubt that the personal sympathy of the poet is so strongly with the contempt expressed in the fifty-first verse of the "Palace of Art." —

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep:
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep;"

that the effect of the preceding verse, in which the soul is giving expression to the thought which of all others the poet holds to be falsest, loses much of its power.

* *A Study of Tennyson.* By Edward Campbell Tainsh. London: Chapman & Hall.

"O godlike isolation! which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,"

is the keynote of the despairing cry which follows, —

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.
No voice,' she shrieked in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks through the stillness of this world, —
One deep, deep silence all.'"

And the fifty-first verse, though uttered by the same soul, is really but the sad perplexed minor in which the poet himself suggests the surface truth which fed the false conclusion.

Mr. Tainsh observes, "It cannot be denied that one tendency of civilization is to produce such a character as is here idealized," but in making that remark we think he has missed one special point in the character portrayed. He says, "With nature and the giants of mankind he seeks to dwell." Now we demur to this utterly. The soul here described knows nothing of nature save through art. The love of nature, like the love of God, kills contempt. Nature, "which counts nothing that she meets with base," would at least teach the impossibility of speaking of "isolation" as an attribute of Him who is the central source of harmony: —

"My soul leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die."

To such a one the whole universe is filled with voices, to him the emmet seems to have a "large heart in small room," and the very spider that lives in a ditch to be surrounded with an atmosphere mud cannot touch. It is true Tennyson says elsewhere of man: —

"As through the frame which binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

But this, often so true of man, is so in proportion to his inability to touch others with and draw them into intimacy with his highest or inmost self, — surely no godlike faculty this, though often the plague of the most godlike men. But none knew better than Tennyson that intimacy with nature would remedy, not create this evil, and we think he has made this most manifest to the careful student, who, throughout this poem, will trace the absence of nature everywhere; he has done this with the *apparent* carelessness which uses the highest art to conceal art. Nature is everywhere spoken of freely

enough, but it is Nature in stone, not Nature

"Whose living motion lent
A pulse of hope to discontent."

Mr. Tainsh says Tennyson cannot help interpreting his characters. This is absolutely true, and that which in feeble hands would have been a defect, in his has become a great spiritual power, having all the force of the subtlest mental analysis; but when Mr. Tainsh observes that, unlike Shakespeare, Tennyson never quite leaves his own personality behind, we are inclined to think this only superficially true. There may be (and Mr. Tainsh would be the first to admit this) the highest dramatic power in exhibiting character from inside, but when Hamlet soliloquizes, we inquire of Shakespeare, not that he comes before us in the least, but that all revelation carries thought, instinctively back to the revealer. And on this subject we have one of the weakest paragraphs in the book:—

"I may venture a remark here upon the poem 'A Character.' It is, I conceive, the weakest of the portraits; and it is so because the poet has no point of sympathy with the character he has drawn. Tennyson has drawn sinful men and women with a masterly hand (as Lancelot and Guinevere); but, in all that he has so drawn, there are touches of nobility that make them not altogether unlovable. Whenever he attempts a character that he wholly dislikes, he fails, as I think. The brother in 'Maud,' the parents in 'Aylmer's Field,' the curate in 'Edwin Morris,' and the hypocrite in 'Sea Dreams' are examples of this. He cannot stand outside such characters, and look at them with a mere artist's eye; his moral repulsion shows through his work and makes the drawing coarse. One does not love him the less for this; but, as far as artistic power is concerned, it is a defect. Shakespeare was not thus, nor is any great pure objective poet; but then objective poets do not gain the strong *personal* love of their readers."

Mr. Tainsh has done much of his work well, but this criticism argues an extremely limited range both of thought and experience on the writer's part. In the first place, weakness and coarseness are the reverse of synonyms, and neither term is applicable. To say Tennyson fails in drawing a character he wholly dislikes is a piece of criticism altogether beneath notice. In what group does Vivien stand? But in the instances quoted, more especially in "A Character," Tennyson has given some of his finest and strongest touches. We could fancy him never more contented with his work than when he drew the inimitable sketch of the man who

"Stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power."

And Mr. Tainsh makes his want of insight most manifest when endeavouring to exhibit it most. We confess we think that except in the hands of a very great critic (which he assuredly is not) there is something amounting to a literary impertinence in publishing, as in chapter vii. he has done, a prose version of "The Two Voices." We opened this chapter with a feeling of annoyance akin to that which we have often experienced when looking at "Parables explained" or "Truths made easy," but our irritation reached its climax when we found this passage:—

"'But thou,' said I, 'hast miss'd thy mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark."

"'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath,
Has ever truly long'd for death."

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh! life, not death, for which we pant,—
More life, and fuller, that we want."

Thus rendered:—

"*Man.*—Yes; but you have missed your mark, and have not tricked me into death by one-sided falsehoods. No living being ever truly longed for death. It is more life that we want, not death."

After this, our readers will not be surprised that Mr. Tainsh can speak of "The Two Voices" as "full of *luscious* poetry." Nothing could be so utterly slipshod and unmeaning as the application of this epithet to a poem wherein every metaphor is restrained to its severest meaning, and the spirit itself is exhibited as shivering in the nakedness of unresolved doubt.

Some of the criticism on the lesser poems is very good, and on Annie in "Enoch Arden" we think Mr. Tainsh reads her as Tennyson meant her to be read, as "in no way an ideal character." "Her long hesitation about marrying Philip is as much fear as fidelity. It was through her suggestion, half or wholly unconscious, it may be, that he first spoke of it to her,—

"I thought not of it, but I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

is the language not of the desolation of faithful love, but of the longing for some new interest and sympathy." But even here we think he is utterly mistaken in believing that Tennyson introduces a kind of "mechanical

"supernaturalism" into such passages as where it is said of Enoch on Annie's wedding day,—

"Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,
He heard the pealing of his parish bells."

Or that more exquisite passage in "Aylmer's Field," beginning,—

"Star to star vibrates light, may soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?
So, from afar, touch as at once? or why
That night, that moment when she named his
name,
Did the keen shriek, 'Yes, love, yes, Edith,
yes!'" &c.

On these passages we have the remark, "This element of mechanical supernaturalism tends to give the thoughtful student an impression of unreality, and, therefore, weakness, in the structure of the story; while, on the other hand, it pleases those whose standards of judgment have been formed by lower masters." Perhaps Mr. Tainsh thinks Milton guilty of a like weakness in that famous passage,—

"Whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some co-natural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance."

In "Aylmer's Field," though appreciating much, Mr. Tainsh has missed many of the finest points, as, for instance, that sketch of Edith, which artists must have failed for want of power rather than of will to translate for us into more tangible form,

"Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory, varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin, her in a day,
Or joyous to dilate as towards the light."

But it is when he approaches "In Memoriam" that Mr. Tainsh fails most completely. Though one of the most interesting and in many respects beautiful chapters in the book, it is weak in relation to its immediate subject, really, we are compelled to think, through want of a little more industry on the writer's part, rather than from failure in intellectual capacity. "The power of reverence," he tells us, and with considerable truth, is "the measure of the life of the soul;" this power he certainly does not want. He has insight enough into the genius of the whole to see much of its beauty and to feel

its power; it is in analysis he fails. This strength in generalization and weakness in detail is apparent throughout the book, but comes out most fully in the verbal commentary on "In Memoriam," which fills chapter ix. Mr. Tainsh tells us, that as minds differ, what is perfectly clear to one may fail to strike another, and for this reason he feels it right to make this commentary full, but that at the same time he has marked the passages which have seemed to himself obscure, in the hope that by publishing his needs he might create a chance of getting them supplied. We are bound to observe that the latter part of his intention is the most obvious in the commentary. We select a few instances; in the first verse of the dedication, beginning—

"Strong Son of God," &c.

Mr. Tainsh observes, "Probably Christ, but there are passages below that look more like an address to the impersonal love of God." Surely the fourth verse might have settled that question,—

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou."

Again, "Canto iii., 2, 3, 4. The general drift of these lines is manifest. The exact force of the expressions used I do not see." We think a very little reflection might have revealed the exquisite beauty of delineating sorrow, "Priestess in the vaults of Death," as seeing all things through the distorting mist of unshed tears:—

"The stars," she whispers, 'blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky.'

Of the perfect metaphor in canto 24: 4:—

"Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein,"

—a thought as absolutely consistent with the facts of our mental as of our bodily vision, being as scientifically accurate as any demonstrable proposition, we have this remark:—"I cannot but think this rather far fetched as a metaphor, seeing that it does not lie within the present experience of man to see, as a distant star or planet, a body he has once lived upon." In canto 42, we think he altogether misses the sense of the passage through not seeing the force of the word "figured." If he had ever marked the exquisite tracery on leaves void of pulp, "bare of the body," he would have understood the

"So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrols,"

— and, —

"And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower,"

more clearly than at present. So again in canto 49, in the verse beginning —

"Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with pangs that conquer dust,

Mr. Tainsh "does not see the force" of

"And Time a maniac scattering dust,
And Life a fury slinging flame."

Here, again, the failure of imaginative power comes in. But paraphrases would be worse than useless to any one who cannot instinctively realize the truth and power of these images. In canto 54,

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff,"

Mr. Tainsh observes, "There is an antithesis of thought here, that is not clearly brought out. It is thus: — 'I fall upon the great altar stairs that slope up to God, and stretch lame hands of faith, but because they are lame hands, I do but grope and gather dust and chaff,'" &c. Now a man with his eyes open in the light does not gather chaff for grain, because his hands are lame. Mr. Tainsh does not perceive that "grobe" must refer to the fact that the soul is working in the dark, kneeling

"Upon the great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

The same class of difficulty occurs to him

when reading the fifty-fifth canto in the verse,

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes, —
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer."

He observes, "I cannot but think wintry and fruitless discordant with the thought of the canto." "They must be discordant because they endorse the apparent teaching of nature," which the rest of the canto is against, but we think if any one would take the trouble to look for a moment from the poet's stand-point, he would see, on the contrary, how essential the words are to the climax, how in strict harmony with the thought of the whole, though like all Tennyson's writing, indeed, like all the writing of the deepest thinkers, slightly elliptical, the silence suggesting more than the speech: the higher the spirit of man has reached the more impatient he becomes of explanatory words. It is always difficult to realize that other minds may not grasp a thought which comes intuitively to our own.

If we seem to have been hypercritical in noticing the many points wherein Mr. Tainsh fails so signally, it is because we yet believe him, on the whole, worthy of patient criticism, because when all deductions are made we can still commend his little work to many to whom the writings of our great poet are a sealed book. They would do well to read much that Mr. Tainsh has written, imbibe his spirit, and avail themselves of his suggestions, though they would do better to drink for themselves at the fountain-head, and find out with a little painstaking if Tennyson be not far more lucid than his commentators.

GEMS OF LITERATURE. — A new novel is advertised under the name of *The Countess's Cross*. It is rumoured that this is the first of a series with similar titles, such as, *The Baroness's Bracelet, or the Fatal Clasp; The Duchess's Diamonds, or All are not Brilliants that Glitter; The Princess's Pendant, or Thereby hangs a Tale, &c.* Critics are forewarned not to condemn these works of fiction as precious rubbish. — *Punch*.

and artists had better go at once and take a last fond look at Paris. Thanks to Baron Hausmann's organ of destructiveness, there soon will hardly be a single old house left there. He goes about, like *Asmodeus*, taking all the roofs off, and does not put them on again, until the streets have been remodelled. Says a Paris Correspondent —

"What with expropriation and moving, all the world is unhouased."

Unhouased; precisely so: and may we not suggest that Hausmann ought to change his name now to Unhausmann. — *Punch*.

JUST THE NAME FOR HIM. — Antiquarians

From Macmillan's Magazine.
LUCRETIVS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold ; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austere, for — his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter — he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not ; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they
said,

To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him ; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havock among those tender cells, and
check'd

His power to shape : he loath'd himself ; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm and cried,

“ Storm in the night ! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing ; and once the flash of a thunderbolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and
show'd

A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what
dreams !

For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking : terrible ! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature ; all her bonds
Crack'd ; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever : that was mine, my dream, I knew it —
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland : but the next !
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow,
sprang

No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetaïrai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.

And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me
drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw —
Was it the first beam of my latest day ?

Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the
breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword
Now over and now under, now direct,
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty ; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Iliou,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee ? thine,
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
In lays that will outlast thy Deity ?

Deity ? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all ?
Not if thou be'st of those who far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touched, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

Ay, but I meant not thee ; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad ;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human amorous tears ;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse —
Ay, and this Kypriq also — did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick
blood
Of cattle, and light is large and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers :
Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

The Gods ! and if I go my work is left
Unfinish'd — if I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm ! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain

Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!
 If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
 Being atomic not be dissoluble,
 Not follow the great law? My master held
 That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
 I preest my footsteps into his, and meant
 Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
 Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
 That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I
 meant?

I have forgotten what I meant: my mind
 Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

Look where another of our Gods, the Sun
 Apollo, Delius, or of older use
 All-seeing Hyperion — what you will —
 Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,
 Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,
 That he would only shine among the dead
 Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth
 Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
 Moan round the spit — nor knows he what he
 sees;

King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
 With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
 His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
 That climb into the windy halls of heaven:
 And here he glances on an eye new-born,
 And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;
 And here he stays upon a freezing orb
 That fain would gaze upon him to the last:
 And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
 And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
 Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
 And me, altho' his fire is on my face
 Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
 Whether I mean this day to end myself,
 Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
 That men like soldiers may not quit the post
 Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds
 The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
 Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
 Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
 Past earthquake — ay, and gout and stone, that
 break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
 And wretched age — and worst disease of all,
 These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
 And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth
 Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
 The phantom husks of something foully done,
 And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,
 And blasting the long quiet of my breast
 With animal heat and dire insanity.

How should the mind, except it loved them,
 clasp

These idols to herself? or do they fly
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
 The keepers down, and throng, their rage and
 they,

The basest, far into that council-hall
 Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

Can I not fling this horror off me again,
 Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
 Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,
 At random ravage? and how easily
 The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
 Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
 A mountain o'er a mountain, ay, and within
 All hollow as the hopes and fears of men.

But who was he, that in the garden snared
 Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
 To laugh at — more to laugh at in myself —
 For look! what is it? there? you arbutus
 Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quiv-
 ering —

The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;
 And here an Oread, and this way she runs
 Before the rest — A satyr, a satyr, see —
 Follows; but him I proved impossible;
 Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws
 Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
 Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
 That ever butted his rough brother-brute
 For lust or lusty blood or provender:
 I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
 Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
 Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
 Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,
 Shameless upon me? Catch her, goatfoot: nay,
 Hide, hide them, million-myrtilled wilderness,
 And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish —
 What? — that the bush were leafless? or to whom
 All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,
 I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
 From childly wont and ancient use I call —
 I thought I lived securely as yourselves —
 No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
 No madness of ambition, avarice, none:
 No larger feast than under plane or pine
 With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
 Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
 Affirming each his own philosophy —
 Nothing to mar the sober majesties
 Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
 But now it seems some unseen monster lays
 His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
 Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
 My bliss in being; and it was not great;
 For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
 Or Heliconian honey in living words,
 To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
 Tired of so much within our little life,
 Or of so little in our little life —
 Poor little life that toddles half an hour
 Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end —
 And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
 Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
 Not manlike end myself? — our privilege —
 What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
 What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
 Not I; not he, who bears one name with her,
 Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of
 kings,

When brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
 She made her blood in sight of Collatine

And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which
breaks
As I am breaking now !

And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man
Dash them anew together at her will
Through all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower—
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,

And numbe the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand : ay, surely : then it fails at last
And perishes as I must ; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
Thus—thus : the soul flies out and dies in the
air."

With that he drove the knife into his side :
She heard him raging, heard him fall ; ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd : he answer'd, " Care
not thou !

What matters ? All is over : Fare thee well ! "

GREATNESS TESTED BY LITTLE THINGS.

THAT is not greatness, calmness, strength of soul,
When, once for all, thou dost experience
Some sudden, terrible calamity,
Some last, decisive, heavy blow of fate,
The loss of reputation, of estate,
Of those thou lov'st, of health, of happiness,
And still remainest patient and composed,—
That is necessity laid on thy soul ;
The suffering of violence humbles thee.
But if thou bearest all the lesser cares,
Burdens and torments of each passing day,
Nor feel'st them bitter,—if, serene and strong,
Thou bearest little trials, blessing God,
That, only that, dear soul, is greatness, strength,
Collectedness of spirit, godly walk.
For little griefs thou mightest not endure,
But scorn them, prove thyself inferior
Ev'n to thy destiny. Then use, O heart,
Courage and strength, mildness and cheerfulness,
Where only thou canst do it,—in little things.

—*The Layman's Breviary.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. HAWKS.—A correspondent furnishes the following hitherto unpublished incident relating to the late Rev. Dr. Hawks. Early in the session of the Triennial Convention which met in New York in 1862, a member offered a resolution expressing sympathy with the Government in the effort to put down the rebellion. Doctor Hawks made an earnest and plausible speech against what he called the introduction of "politics" into the Church of Christ, whose "kingdom is not of

this world." Others excitedly followed in the same style, and the resolutions were tabled by a large vote. Shortly afterward the subject before the Convention was a proposed revival of the Hymns of the Church. Doctor Hawks advocated this measure with his usual ability. He was followed by a member who complimented him highly on his speech and sentiments ; he had himself felt the revision to be necessary ; in the present aspect of the Church it had become indispensable. In conclusion, he would ask the Secretary to read the 82d Hymn from the Prayer-Book. The Secretary read :

" Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry,
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high."

At the second verse the Secretary had seen the point ; his face wore an expression broader than a smile, which he vainly tried to suppress as he proceeded :

" In his salvation is our hope ;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad."

At the third line there was a suppressed titter through the house, and when at the close the speaker added, " that is politics, Mr. President," and sat down, the dignified body was convulsed with undignified laughter. The loyal man had got his hearing. The rebellion subject was subsequently taken from the table, and loyal resolutions passed by a handsome majority ; but Dr. Hawks's voice was never again heard in the councils of the Church.—*Harper's Magazine.*

From the Spectator.

THE NEW VERSION OF THE HEBREW PSALMS.*

THIS is one of the most instructive and valuable books which has been published for many years. We have already delayed our notice of it nearly a year from its time of publication, which furnishes in itself a fair test of the intrinsic value of any book, — the temporary charms of which are apt to disappear, like the foam of effervescing wines, with a very little exposure to the public, — and it has only gained in our estimation in weight and beauty by the delay. To any one who wishes to read the Psalms as he would read modern poetry, not merely by the gathered associations of his own childhood and youth, but by the light of the best attainable knowledge as to their origin and the circumstances affecting it, this edition of the Psalms is quite invaluable. The "Four Friends" who have prepared it have mainly followed the greatest Hebrew scholar of this or perhaps any other time, Ewald, in their chronological arrangement and the view they have taken of the circumstances in which the various groups of Psalms had their origin. In this, we think, they have been wise. It may be, indeed, that Ewald builds too much on very faint indications of time and authorship; but even when he does so, his conjectures deserve at least more attention than any other conjectures; and where all is conjectural, it is better to let the best conjecture occupy the foreground, than to have all foreground blotted out in the mist of vague possibilities. Moreover, the "Four Friends" have never broken wantonly or idly with the cherished associations of the English Prayer-Book version. Their alterations are exceedingly rare and exceedingly necessary where they are made at all. Indeed, we think they might have ventured oftener than they have done to substitute, where it is the more correct, the version of our Bible, which is almost equally familiar, for the version of our Prayer-Book. For example, when they substitute for the familiar version of the 130th Psalm, which stands in our Prayer-Book "My soul fleeth to the Lord before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch," — the following, — "My soul waiteth for Jehovah more than watchmen for the morning, I say, than watchmen for the morning," we do not know why they have not kept to the very words of our au-

thorized version, namely, "More than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning." The latter is the most truly poetical of the three versions, for it includes all watchers, whether by the sick-bed or on the mountain top, as well as the professional class of watchmen, and can scarcely be excluded by the Hebrew words which are striving to illustrate the full intensity of longing with which the soul waits for God. Such longing could scarcely be adequately illustrated by the expectation of mere professional watchmen waiting for the expiration of a routine duty. So, too, where our editors alter the Prayer-Book version of the fourth verse of the 139th Psalm, "Thou hast fashioned me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me," into "Thou hast compassed me behind and before," why did not they rather substitute the more beautiful, and familiar, and exactly equivalent words of our authorized version, "Thou hast beset me behind and before"? The only fault in this beautiful and critical version, if it be a fault, is that the authors have not sufficiently availed themselves of the associations of the fine version of the Bible, where they have felt compelled to deviate from the version of the Prayer-Book, — from which, however, they have deviated rarely, and only with great reason. To illustrate the kind of motive which has alone induced them seriously to alter the translation, we may take the conclusion of the 19th Psalm, where, after the earlier verses on the glory of the heavens and the power of the sun, which the translators believe to be of the time of David, is appended a sort of spiritual antistrophe, in which the glory of the heavens is described as mirrored in the beauty of the divine law, and the might even of an Arabian sun is presented as equalled or surpassed by the commandment which giveth light to the inward eye. We had long been aware that modern critics had maintained that the latter part of this psalm was of much later origin than the first, and only appended to the first as an afterthought. But we never felt the force of the criticism till we saw what our present editors advanced. They translate the latter part of the verse, "Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Oh, cleanse thou me from my secret faults," — thus, "Oh, cleanse thou me from the sin that I wist not of," and say, by way of comment, "the fears of the Psalmist, that with the ever-growing anxiety to satisfy the minutiae of a written law, his own unconscious sins against these prohibitions would also increase, . . . belong to the period of the end of the mon-

* *The Psalms Chronologically Arranged. An Amended Version, with Historical Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Four Friends. London: Macmillan. 1867.*

archy,"—if not even to the later period of the 119th Psalm. This interpretation of a verse which, if this be the true translation, certainly partakes of the overscrupulous tone of a developed and written morality, rather than of the spirit of a young and rapidly growing national life, is likely, we think, to arrest the attention of all true critics; and it is a fair specimen of the light in detail which this version strives to throw on passages which are to the most of us almost too familiar for true understanding.

But it is not by the light in mere detail which this edition of the Psalms gives us, that it can be adequately judged. It gives the Psalms a perfectly fresh setting, adds a new power of vision to the grandest poetry of nature ever composed, a new depth of lyrical pathos to the poetry of national joy, sorrow, and hope, and a new intensity of spiritual light to the divine subject of every ejaculation of praise and every invocation of want. We can scarcely give an adequate conception of the first point,—the marvellous touches which this version often adds to the finest poetry of nature contained in the Psalms, without extracting the whole of the new version of the 29th psalm, and the note thereon.

(The Psalmist calleth on the angels round the throne to bow down and worship Jehovah, when He shall reveal Himself in thunder and lightning to the world.)

I.

"Give unto Jehovah, ye sons of God,
give unto Jehovah glory and strength!
Give unto Jehovah the honour due unto His
name,
worship Jehovah in holy apparel!

II.

"Hark! Jehovah is above the waters,
The God of Glory thundered,
Jehovah above the waterfloods;
Hark! Jehovah is in power,
Hark! Jehovah is in majesty.

"Hark! Jehovah—He breaketh the cedar-trees,
how Jehovah breaketh in pieces the cedars
of Lebanon,
and maketh them to skip like calves,
Lebanon also and Sirion like young buffaloes;
Hark! Jehovah how He flasheth forth names
of fire!

"Hark! Jehovah shaketh the wilderness,
Jehovah shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh;
Hark! Jehovah maketh the hinds to calve,
and strippeth the forests of their leaves;
while in His temple everything shouteth
'Glory!'

III.

"Jehovah ruled above the mighty flood;
so ruleth Jehovah as a King for ever!
Jehovah will give strength unto His people,
Jehovah shall give His people the blessing
of peace!

"Ver. 3. Hark! Jehovah = the voice of Jehovah, or Jehovah revealed in thunder.

"Ver. 8. Cp. Isaiah vi. 3. And the Seraphim cried one with another, and said, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is Jehovah, God of Hosts; His glory the fulness of the earth.'

NOTE.

"The closest examination of this psalm only reveals more strikingly the perfection of its structure. It has the regular form of the psalm or triumphal ode, and is divided into three members:—

"1. The Prelude, in which the Psalmist calls on the angels round the throne to do homage to Jehovah, when He shall reveal Himself in thunder and lightning to the world.

"2. The body of the Psalm, in three equal strophes, each of five lines, marking the successive stages of the storm: 1st, its distant gathering; the low faint muttering of the thunder in the far-off unapproachable realms of sky; 2nd, its sudden advances seizing the mountains and crushing the cedars; then, in the 3rd, it passes on and spreads over the plain and dies away; thus making the whole universe to tremble from sky to earth, from Lebanon in the north to the wilderness of Kadesh in the south. These contain the revelations of Jehovah to man, issued like royal mandates in peals of thunder.

"Nay, more, each of these strophes is itself divided into five lines, and each line begins with a fresh burst of the storm."

"In strophe 1 we have in the first line the distant muttering of the thunder; the peal becomes louder and clearer in lines 2 and 3; and in lines 4 and 5 rings with ever-increasing and more continuous roll, the voice of Jehovah, through the world.

"In strophe 2 the storm falls with its crashing power on the cedars; then with bounding speed upon the mountains themselves, making them to skip like buffaloes; ending with the flashing of the forked lightning.

"In strophe 3 we have the same structure; the sound of Jehovah making the wilderness to tremble, sweeping in jubilant might from Lebanon to Kadesh; bowing the very beasts in the throes of labour, while the hurricane strips the forest of its leaves, till it is hushed and lost in the diapason, which through all the world telleth of His glory.

"3. The conclusion, that men may learn the protecting love of Jehovah; who, though He sitteth a King above the mighty flood, shall give strength unto His people and the blessing of peace."

This is one of the versions in which the translators have permitted themselves the maximum of deviation from the version of the Prayer-Book, but we confess, as it seems to us, with the happiest result. In the psalm as we read it on the fifth evening of the month, the thunderstorm which it is meant to image is quite lost to our view. It reads like an abstract statement of the "attributes" of God in relation to His power over the physical universe. "It is the Lord that commandeth the waters, it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. It is the Lord that ruleth the sea," &c. Only compare that almost dogmatic statement of God's power over the elements with the third verse of the version we have given,

where the Psalmist is exulting in the immediate sign of God's power which the gathering tempest and the downfall of the waterspout bears in upon his mind. As an illustration of a like vividness given to a hymn of a very different and lower order, — a hymn celebrating a royal marriage, — let our readers compare the life-like version of the 45th Psalm, the one beginning in our Prayer-Book version, "My heart is inditing of a good matter," with the translation in our Prayer-Book. The alterations are not great or grating, but they are just such as transform the vague ambiguities of changing tenses and vague panegyric into the emphasis of direct vision, and that delight of the eye which lives in the present.

But our version gives not only a new power of vision to the poetry of physical nature, and the less interesting and much less important poetry concerned with royal pageants, but it adds a new pathos to the finest and most pathetic lyrics which ever proceeded from the human heart. Take, for instance, the light which it throws on the familiar Psalm, "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God!" — the psalm in which so exquisite a voice is given to the dejection with which the writer thinks upon his old visits to Jerusalem, now that he can worship there no more. The translators believe that this psalm was written by an exile on his journey into Eastern banishment, perhaps by the departing King himself, who, as he passed the heights of Hermon and the hill Mizar, on his way to exile, cried out, "My God, my soul is heavy within me; therefore I remember thee from the land of Jordan, of Hermon, and the hill of Mizar," a translation which gives quite a new pathos to the psalm. In the Prayer-Book, indeed, the version "My God, my soul is vexed within me; therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan and the little hill of Hermon," has no intelligible meaning at all. The new version notes the spots from which the exile, as he retreated, cast back a glance of passionate farewell; the old one is only a promise to remember God's connection with some obscure historical transaction to which we have lost the key. Thus the new version inserts a new and perfect link of sentiment in one of the most plaintive of religious odes, in place of what was not a link at all, but a rude break in the current of mingled melancholy and trust. So, again, to take the 102nd Psalm, written amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. Our Prayer-Book version, after insisting on the melancholy pleasure which God's servants take even in

the ruined stones of the low-laid capital, goes on quite abruptly, "The heathen shall fear thy name, O Lord; and all the Kings of the earth thy majesty; when the Lord shall build up Sion, and when his glory shall appear; when he turneth him unto the prayer of the poor destitute, and despiseth not their desire. *This shall be written for them that come after; and the people which shall be born shall praise the Lord.*" Our translators give a quite new and very much finer turn to the passage, making the Psalmist pray that his posterity *may be able* to use the language of praise to Jehovah for rebuilding Sion: —

"For 'Jehovah hath built up Sion,
and hath made His glory to appear;
hath turned to Him the prayer of the poor destitute,
and despised not their desire.'

Let this be written by those that come after!
and let the people that shall be born praise
Jehovah."

No one can fail to see how much more beautiful and appropriate this language is in the mouth of one sitting among the ruins of his beloved city, and seeing the glory of the future only through the religious trust of the present.

To illustrate how slight a change in the version will give a new depth of lyrical feeling to the tone of a psalm, and again, how much that depth is itself deepened by a very simple explanation of the circumstances which attended its composition, take the version of the 121st psalm, the first verse of which as it is translated in our Prayer-Book runs, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." Our authors, after explaining that the group of psalms to which this belongs were pilgrim psalms written in Babylon or on the way back, explain the drift and give the first strophe of this psalm as follows: —

"The exile sighs for the hills of his home: he sees no sign of help, yet with the name of the Creator, the Keeper of Israel, for his talisman, he wins his way through doubt to trust, from inward conflict to peace.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
Oh, whence cometh my help?
my help cometh from Jehovah,
Who hath made heaven and earth.
Will he suffer thy foot to be moved?
and He that keepeth thee, shall He sleep?
behold, He that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep!"

The first two lines seem to us entirely transformed and clothed with a new lyrical force by the form of appealing question given to

the second. The first line becomes the pilgrim's expression of passionate longing for his home, instead of the language of supplication,—the second of appeal to God, instead of almost meaningless assertion that his help comes from the very hills to which he is imploring to be restored. The first line thus becomes a cry of longing, the second an appeal to his own heart to tell him the true source of trust. The interrogative form given to the clauses of the third verse with the trustful answer of the fourth seem to us again to convey a far more exquisite poetical feeling than our Prayer-Book version, beautiful as it is, has succeeded in rendering for us.

We have given but imperfect illustrations of the new beauty and light which the translators pour upon the most perfect devotional poetry of any day or nation, and which they pour on it in almost every page; by the scholarship and perfect taste with which they have executed their work. We can only say that their version deserves to live long and to pass through many editions,—for while it religiously respects the rich associations gathered round the text which they have adopted as their groundwork, it clears up its innumerable obscurities, corrects its not infrequent blunders, and supplies that knowledge of the context which is almost as requisite to the true enjoyment of poetry, as is the crowd of new and living associations by the aid of which each successive generation interprets it, and applies it to the wants of its own heart.

From The Saturday Review.

THE STARRING SYSTEM IN LITERATURE.

SHILLING magazines illustrate some curious peculiarities of the modern literary world. For one thing, they show the imitative nature of publishers. Ten years ago the genus had not been discovered. *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill Magazine* showed the way, and since then the shilling magazines have sprung up like mushrooms. How it happens that the struggle for existence does not kill them off more rapidly is amongst those mysteries of trade into which it is not given to profane outsiders to pry. We can guess, indeed, with more or less vagueness at the particular expedients upon which they rely for attracting notice. One, for example, has a more detestable set of flashy engravings than can easily be found elsewhere. Another takes the line of thrilling stories, and leaves an unsolved mystery at the end of each section as a bait to induce

us to look into the next, on the principle on which some newspapers adopt the simpler plan of giving a double acrostic and the answer to it in successive numbers. Another takes a high moral tone, and supplies matter fit for the Sunday reading of Evangelical families. These plans are obvious enough, and we must call them beneficial or injurious to the public taste, according as we suppose that they make those read who never read before, or that they supplant reading of a more solid kind. It is perhaps better that the intellectual mill should be set to grind mere chaff and husks than nothing at all, though it is most unfortunate that chaff and husks should be substituted for good farinaceous food.

Another plan which has lately become popular suggests some wider considerations. It has been lately discovered that one of the best expedients for floating a magazine number is to get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem. It matters little, apparently, whether it is a short stanza, or an elaborate and highly finished work. The great thing is to have an opportunity of advertising, on every hoarding in London and at every railway-station throughout the kingdom, that the Poet-Laureate is a contributor to the lucky periodical. His name must meet our eye in every variety of gorgeous and gigantic letters that the genius of the "champion bill-poster" can invent. Doubtless, as the art of advertising advances, new means will be found of giving publicity to the fact. We shall have tract-like papers insinuated into our hands in the street, to tell us that Mr. Tennyson has composed two new stanzas; his name will confront us as we travel in hansom cabs; and probably it may be painted on the spot consecrated to reminiscences of Warren's blacking, the base of the Great Pyramid. It would be gratifying to see the intensity with which we pay homage to the first of living poets, if only the homage took a more graceful form. His name must, in the favourite phrase of penny-a-liners, be enshrined in the bosoms of his countrymen when it competes for a place with Mappin's Razors and Thorley's Food for Cattle. Mr. Tennyson's last new poem seems, if we judge from what we see in our streets, to be as potent a cause of popular excitement as the arrival of the Japanese jugglers and the appearance of the hairless horse at the Crystal Palace. And yet fame blowing so noisy a trumpet may perhaps be a little repulsive to the delicacy of a poetical imagination. There is no reason indeed, it may be urged, why Mr. Tennyson should not publish his poems in a magazine as well as anybody else. He

is in no degree responsible for the advertising energy of his publishers. There is, it is true, a danger of overdoing the thing as far as his own profit is concerned. After such a flourish of trumpets to herald the appearance of mere trifles, the public may become rather deadened to the publication of his more serious efforts. When the time comes, as every lover of poetry must hope it will soon come, for another volume of highly-finished poetry, it will not find our appetite so keen as would otherwise have been the case. The advertising system only means that his reputation is being discounted, and that a great price has been obtained for small specimens of his art, to the detriment of public interest in the more complete gallery. Of this, however, Mr. Tennyson is the best judge; he can doubtless take care of his own dignity; and, whatever may be the merits of his last poem, it at least bears no traces of having been prepared with undue haste for temporary effect. It is as carefully finished as if no such thing as a popular magazine even existed, and as if great poems were still written for the love of poetry, and their copyright sold for five pounds.

It is, therefore, rather of the system than of any particular case that we desire to speak. Mr. Tennyson began his career many years before such a system could ever be thought of, and he formed his style too thoroughly to be in much danger of being affected by it. But the influence of the practice upon younger men is more questionable. It illustrates very forcibly one of the great obstacles in the way of modern art of all kinds. Not long ago the great difficulty was that a man of genius could hardly obtain recognition; he had to write for years, in spite of discouragement, and could then only look forward to a trifling reward. Now the difficulty is that he can hardly avoid premature recognition; there are so many people anxious to get the credit of discovering rising talent, that they will not give it time to rise. There is still a sort of traditional horror of the sneering critic who goes about blighting young hopes, and bidding an ardent young Keats "go back to his gallipots." The gushing school of criticism has proved itself at least equally dangerous. The young Keats is not nipped in the bud, but is put at once into a forcing-house. Every clever young man gets a little band of worshippers who, in praising him, praise their own critical discrimination; they have found the pearl where the cynics saw nothing but the decaying oyster, and they take wonderful credit to themselves for their geniality and open-mindedness. The conse-

quence is that, whenever we find a real genius, we set about spoiling him, and a poetical genius is more quickly spoilt than any other. It is melancholy indeed to observe how many reputations of great promise have collapsed in a few years. First novels, for example, are notoriously often the best, and partly for this reason. A man first writes a story to recall lively impressions of what he has seen and felt; a number of enthusiastic critics assure him that he is a brilliant light of English literature, and of course he naturally tries to do the same trick again and to bring down the same rounds of applause. He acts like the ingenious artist who, having painted the discovery of Harold's dead body, proceeds to look up all the other dead bodies that have at different times been discovered in history, and works the cheerful vein of study from the discovery of the dead Abel by Adam and Eve down to the discovery of Theodore by Sir Robert Napier. Continuations of stories are proverbially failures, as may be exemplified by *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a very large number of the feeble works of eminent writers are produced in the same way. They are substantially repetitions, if not continuations; they are an attempt to produce consciously and in cold blood the effect due to spontaneous enthusiasm—to make a pump do the work of a spring. A young writer who had survived some good sharp criticisms, instead of being received with a chorus of ecstatic recognition, would be far more likely to strike out a new path and cease to supply colourless copies of his first success. This, however, is only one of the incidental evils of the puffing system. The wider evil consists in the unhealthy atmosphere to which the poet or artist is necessarily exposed. He is under a strong temptation to produce a startling new sensation at least once a month. A poet is treated by our magazines just as a race-horse is treated by ardent speculators on the Turf; the horse is run off his legs as a two-year-old, and started wherever he has a chance of making money, without the least regard to the permanent effects on his constitution. It must be admitted that the poetical organization is at least as delicate as that of the race-horse; it must be as trying to throw off a poem as to run a mile whenever you are called upon to do it; and it is as bad a thing for the poetical mind to be forced to make verses, with or against the grain, by the inducement of so much a line, as it is for the equine body to be driven into unnatural action by whip and spur. We must not be surprised if, under the influence

of such a system, a poet of thoroughly ripened and matured faculties should become as rare as an aged race-horse is becoming at Newmarket. A real poet should accumulate reflection till he has something to say, should say it when the impulse comes to him spontaneously, and should afterwards polish his work to the highest possible degree; and these are precisely the things which are discouraged by the temptation to starring in a magazine. Wordsworth probably was injured by his too great isolation from the sympathies of his contemporaries, but there are many degrees between such a life and one passed amongst the incessant irritation of literary touts.

It may be said that the evil is almost inevitable under modern conditions of society. We are often told that we are all living in a feverish state of excitability, and tempted in a thousand ways to prefer making a few hours' sensation to the more enduring efforts necessary for a lasting reputation. If true, this would be poor consolation; but it does not seem to be the whole of the truth. There has surely never been a time at which the necessity of thorough and conscientious study in most departments of thought was better understood than it is now. No man, for example, could set up for being a great historian on the slender stock of information which was once considered sufficient. He must be prepared by severe and systematic labours before he can even gain a right to be heard; and the same may be said, with equal truth, of any kind of scientific pursuit. The increase of knowledge in the world tends steadily to increase the demand for elaborate preparation. A poet who would speak the mind of his age should be, if anything, familiar with a wider sphere of knowledge than his

predecessors. He should possess a more thoroughly cultivated mind if he is to be the spokesman of an age to which larger stores of thought are open. To be a Goethe a man must be familiar with many ideas that were unfamiliar to Shakspeare; which partly explains why it is more difficult to be a first-rate poet now than formerly. And the particular evil of which we have spoken seems to indicate a more special source of temptation than any general tendency of the time. It is a peculiarity of English society that there are more people who read superficially in proportion to those who study deeply than in any other country except the United States. The mass of readers who support magazines want amusement, but are not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate thorough cultivation in others. Thus we are suffering from the misfortune that our best writers are strongly tempted to appeal, not to the best judges, but to a class who are not qualified even to pay respect to the best judges. It would be chimerical to hope that the general body will ever be raised to such a pitch of cultivation as to be good critics for themselves; but if Englishmen are ever decently educated, in a wide sense of the word, they may possibly learn to look up to the real leaders of thought. When that happy period arrives, men of genius will be less tempted to desert the higher road to fame to secure the applause of the half-educated crowd. Even as it is, Mr. Tennyson himself and Mr. Browning have shown that poets may have enough faith in their powers to wait for a comparatively distant verdict; but under present circumstances the magazines distinctly tempt a rising young man to snatch at notoriety, instead of patiently looking for a higher recognition of his merits.

THE ACTION OF PUTRID MATERIAL ON THE ANIMAL ORGANISM.—The following conclusions have been derived by Dr. Moriz Hemmer, of Munich, says the *Blatter f. Staats-Arzneikunde*, from his researches on the nature and action of putrid fluids. 1. Putrid infection causes severe acute inflammation in the intestinal mucous membrane and the glands of the chylopoietic system. 2. It excites very violent central irritation. 3. By it the blood is changed into a dark-coloured, thin, and scarcely coagulable fluid. 4. It causes the rapid approach of putrefaction. 5. The putrid poison is an albuminoid body undergoing change, not fluid or gaseous, but solid. 6. The poison acts in imperceptibly small doses; and, with regard to its intensity, can be com-

pared only with the most active toxic agents known to us—some vegetable alkaloids, curare, the snake poison, &c. 7. It is insoluble in absolute alcohol, soluble in water. 8. It resists a heat of 100° centigrade. 9. It acts as a ferment, and induces zymotic changes in the blood. 10. The action of the putrid poison is exerted on the albuminoid materials of the plasma of the blood. 11. An analogy may generally be recognized between putrid infection and the infectious diseases. 12. The morbid materials of the infectious diseases are, therefore, putrid poisons, and possess the properties of the same. 13. The varying action of the morbid materials in the infectious diseases depends upon a special modification of the putrid poison.

From The Saturday Review, 9 May.

MR. DICKENS'S RETURN.

MR. DICKENS'S visit to America, as the *Times* Correspondent tells us, has been a complete success. Everything has gone right, except that Mr. Dickens has been troubled by a bad cold; and we presume that, so far as his private interests are concerned, he has excellent cause to be satisfied with his journey. Into this we have, of course, no wish to inquire. If Mr. Dickens likes to add something to his fortune by letting Americans look at him and listen to him, it is a question for Mr. Dickens's own consideration. Some persons may argue that there is something slightly undignified about this method of turning one's reputation into cash, but they argue under peril of an obvious retort. It would be only too easy for most men to resolve that they will never make money by showing themselves, for they need not fear that their resolution will subject them to any severe pressure. Mr. Dickens's visit, however, has another quasi-public significance. He went more or less — or some people think that he went — as an ambassador from one great nation to another. It is his exalted prerogative, as a man of genius, to soften international animosities, to strengthen the sympathies which bind together the great English-speaking races of the world, and to hasten perceptibly the millennium of universal brotherhood. We do not know whether there are many people who would maintain this doctrine in cold blood, and argue before dinner that the negotiations between Lord Stanley and Mr. Seward will be materially facilitated by Mr. Dickens's journey; but in that glowing frame of mind which is universally felt or simulated by post-prandial orators this glorious prospect becomes vivid and near. To which we can only say, how pleasant it would be to live in a world where it was always after-dinner! How many difficulties would become small, and how much our nobler affections would be stimulated! After dinner, a charming rose-coloured haze is diffused over the whole world; harsh outlines are softened, and objects that seemed violently contrasted a few minutes earlier melt gracefully into each other. The orator looks upon a crowd of sharp-featured sallow Yankees, and to his eyes they take the form of rosy-gilled plethoric Englishmen. The very Stars and Stripes change their decided form, and become indistinguishable from the Union-Jack. At such a moment all the cohesive tendencies of our nature are intensely stimulated, and the forces of repulsion become

imperceptible. The man who did not feel for the time that the English and Americans were one people would be more or less than human; he ought to desire that all his auditors had but one neck, that he might fall upon it and embrace it. And, if any one could be equal to the occasion, who could be more so than the prophet of geniality? The most masterly descriptions extant of the appropriate frame of mind are to be found in *Pickwick*. The milk-punch which flows so freely through the pages of that admirable work is a liquid thoroughly appreciated in America. Whether it has been actually consumed on the occasion of Mr. Dickens's reported speech we have no means of knowing, but in a spiritual sense it must have been present. When absorbed by *Pickwickians*, it was transmuted into a general desire to look upon the pleasant side of everything; and this frame of mind is so strongly marked in Mr. Dickens's speech that we may perhaps infer the presence of some similar compound.

It would, therefore, be altogether unreasonable to criticize Mr. Dickens's remarks as though they had been put forward in cold blood. He is too good a speaker not to fall in with the prevalent sentiments of his audience, and to call out their cheers even by a rather exaggerated expression of the common enthusiasm. Wise men who have been raised to a pitch of maudlin affection try next morning to forget what they may have said overnight, and we cannot but look upon it as rather unkind that reporters should be present to supply any judicious gaps of memory. It is as unkind to set down in black and white all that lively orators may have hastily said, as it would be to reckon up the number of glasses of wine consumed in the recklessness of the moment. We feel that Mr. Dickens would have been wanting in dramatic propriety if he had not given some good cues for enthusiastic cheering. Otherwise we might ask whether it was not rather hard upon the porter of the British Museum to describe him as "obese" and insensible to female charms, in order to give point to the anecdote of his admitting an American lady to the library at forbidden hours. No man, however, and least of all an obese porter, can object to the trifling caricature necessary to make him figure well in an after-dinner story. In spite even of this excellent excuse, we demur a little to the assertion that it would be better for the earth to be riven by an earthquake or fired by a comet or handed over to the Arctic fox and bear than for a war to take place between England and the United States. No one doubts

that such a war would be a great misfortune; but English and Americans, even if they were fighting each other, would still be distinctly preferable to Arctic, as indeed to any other breed of, foxes and bears.

The sentiment, however, when reduced to before-dinner pitch, is doubtless unimpeachable. It merely means that we had much better be on friendly terms with the Americans. No sane person doubts it; and, putting aside post-prandial eloquence, it may be worth while to ask for a moment how far Mr. Dickens's success, and the sentiments which it indicates, are favourable to so desirable a result. Nothing is gained in the long run by importing high-flown sentiment into ordinary life. If we really like the Americans better than we used to do, by all means let us say so; and if on the whole we cannot help a prejudice against their ways, let us put it as civilly as possible; but there is no use in a rapturous scream of asservation that England and America are all one, and that not only Shakespeare and Washington, but General Grant and Sir Robert Napier, are glories of our common race; because, after all, we are not one, but very emphatically and distinctly two. The bare facts are that Mr. Dickens has so much popularity in America that he can draw large audiences all over the Northern States, and that a large number of the best known writers will meet him at dinner, and cheer him enthusiastically when he talks about the "Anglo-Saxon race." What is the legitimate conclusion? From one point of view this, of course, means next to nothing. Of the editors who met Mr. Dickens at dinner, not one would be the less willing to denounce a bloated aristocracy, or the unprincipled support afforded to Southern pirates, the next time that it happened to suit his purpose; and, to say the truth, he would show very little sagacity if he were less willing. In another sense, Mr. Dickens's popularity certainly illustrates the importance of the tolerably notorious fact that the Americans talk English. In some respects the two races not only differ, but tend to diverge from each other. The "Anglo-Saxon race" must really be a small minority of the population of the United States. The German and Irish emigrants and their descendants are constantly reinforced by new streams swamping the original Yankee. In political and social institutions the contrasts are perhaps greater than the resemblances. The one indisputable bond of union is that Mr. Dickens is very nearly as intelligible at New York and San Francisco as he is in

London. This certainly implies a close relation between the two nations, and a relation of a remarkable kind. That one nation should be influenced by the great religious or political thinkers of its neighbours might be expected. The European nations are all sufficiently allied for the thoughts which powerfully affect one to be propagated throughout the whole family. But it is much more difficult for one nation to understand the jokes of another. Mr. Dickens's works, when translated into French, amuse Englishmen by the grotesque effect of their new dress, but we should imagine that they simply bewilder Frenchmen. On the other hand, the humour of Mr. Pickwick or Mrs. Gamp is as much appreciated across the Atlantic as it is with us. The currency of an English joke is co-extensive, not only with sovereigns, but with greenbacks. The Americans, in this department at least, are able to make us some return. If they have produced anything distinctively American in literature, it is their peculiar turn of humour. Yet the *Biglow Papers*, in spite of many local allusions, and still more the fun of Artemus Ward, have been as popular with us as in their native place. Orators who wish to establish a resemblance between us should put in the background bits of eloquence about the Anglo-Saxon race, and rely upon the much more indisputable fact that we all see the point of the same witticisms. The popularity of Mr. Dickens in the United States is an illustration of the intellectual similarity, whatever it may be, implied in this curious sympathy; and if a mutual power of relishing each other's humour is a proof that we ought to be intimate friends, Mr. Dickens has done more than any one in confirmation of the proof.

To draw any practical moral is more difficult. Something might perhaps be made of the fact that the Americans can relish a joke even when directed against themselves. We might infer that we can discharge a most useful function towards them by laughing them out of their objectional peculiarities. We can encourage them to give up chewing tobacco, and picking their teeth with bowie-knives, and bragging intolerably about the manifest destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is sometimes a good thing to have a friend who does not mind telling you very plainly that you are making an ass of yourself, and who in fact rather likes it than otherwise. We may lay on the lash as freely as we like, and be certain that none of the blows will fail from want of a duly sensitive nature in the victim; we can be

pretty certain, in short, of catching him on the raw, and, if we can only hit hard enough, making him cry out with satisfactory vehemence. It must be admitted that the function is rather invidious, and one which a nation can hardly discharge in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. However thick-skinned our cousins may be, they have a fair share of national vanity, certainly enough to make us hesitate about unnecessarily assuming the office of Mentor. If, in five-and-twenty years, they have condescended to forgive Mr. Dickens for his sketches of the most remarkable men in their country, it is because they are convinced that they have thoroughly grown out of the absurdities ridiculed. A writer who should do a similar kind office for the rising generation need not count upon an enthusiastic reception till the year 1895. The costume of tar and feathers has gone out in the civilized States; but as fair a substitute as strong language can give may still be provided for a reckless critic. In short, as nothing is more dangerous between friends than a habit of rough joking at each other's expense, there is much the same difficulty between nations. We get on better with those whose humour is couched in a foreign language, and is of a kind which we fail to appreciate. To have sufficient resemblance to a people to be able to laugh at them, and make them feel our laughter, is an endowment of questionable value.

One moral of a less ambitious kind might be drawn from Mr. Dickens's visit. He has undoubtedly gained, in a pecuniary sense, by his reputation in America. If, instead of paying for a sight of him, our friends had paid for the books which they appropriated, he would have received, we presume, considerably greater profits in a more legitimate way. Perhaps the sight of a real living victim of a system of literary plunder may tend to inpress upon them the objections to stealing; if so, we should derive a greater advantage from this mute eloquence than from convivial nonsense about Arctic bears and foxes. By establishing honest dealings between the two countries, we should get from the community of language a palpable material benefit, instead of a vague flow of Buncombe. British and American authors would be so many pounds and dollars the richer, and would probably therefore write about each other in better temper. Let us hope that the enthusiasm which Mr. Dickens has excited may be expressed in the practical result of a refusal to steal his writings.

From The Saturday Review.

POETESSES.

THREE women, and three only, endowed with a true poetical faculty, have lived in England during this century. They are—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Brontë. Many women, it is true, have written elegant and pleasing verses; and two of these—Mrs. Hemans and Miss Ingelow—would, if the circulation of their works were taken as the exclusive test of merit, be ranked above those three to whom alone a critic can allow genuine poetic excellence. But there is nothing in which immediate popularity is so insufficient a test of real distinction as poetry; because ordinary readers are more pleased by a lesser fire which displays itself, in a customary and recognised manner, than by that more vehement intensity which in its hurry seizes upon *bizarre* and unusual modes of expression. Yet, for all that, intensity is the real thing, the only true essential. It seems almost hard not to allow Mrs. Hemans the title of poet; she has such grace, such unaffected feeling, and even artistic merit. Yet, as there are hills which have every attribute of a mountain except height, which at an elevation of three hundred feet above the sea exhibit a fine contour, jagged peaks, and dark gorges ten feet deep, so there are writers of verse who have every qualification of a poet except that which alone is indispensable. And of these Mrs. Hemans is one. Miss Ingelow has the same radical defect, though the result in her case is somewhat different. For, whereas Mrs. Hemans is throughout natural and consistent, feelings, ideas, and expression being in her works perfectly adapted to each other, each and all the unforced product of her own mind, and having no fault but their intrinsic weakness; Miss Ingelow, being more ambitious, has adopted a style of imagery and expression which is altogether too much for the material at her disposal—that is, for the amount of passion of which she has command. There is a grandiloquent or pathetic flow about her verses, at times even an attractive obscurity; reading them lazily or dreamily, one is easily deluded into the belief that there is that in them which will repay further examination; just as a person living in Cambridgeshire, and looking at the clouds on the horizon, may in a dreamy mood fancy himself looking at the Swiss mountains. But the delusion in either case is short-lived; the dispersion of the clouds speedily

proves Cambridgeshire to be Cambridgeshire, and that solid stuff which ought to have lain behind Miss Ingelow's flowing lines is soon seen to be lamentably conspicuous by its absence. Miss Ingelow's prose stories deserve to be spoken of with much greater respect than her poems; but their very excellence, when the small scale on which they are written is considered, is a proof that her mind is not adapted for the larger sphere of poetry.

To return to our triad of genuine poetesses. Undoubtedly, they are not to be placed on a level. The range of experience which Mrs. Browning vivifies with passion is a strong contrast to the narrow individualities of the other two; and the smooth beauty of Miss Rossetti's best poems is a considerable advance on the ruggedness which is the general characteristic of Emily Brontë. But the root of the matter is found in them all; they all had that in them which they were impelled to speak, and which could not be spoken adequately otherwise than by those cadences, imitative of passion, which verse alone supplies. And as Emily Brontë is by far the least known of the three, and indeed scarcely known at all except as the wild and uncultured sister of a woman of genius, it may be as well to begin with her, in order to justify the estimate of her that we have expressed. And our first remark is, that her poems have probably suffered much in general estimation from being mixed up with the much tamer and weaker effusions of her two sisters; for Charlotte Brontë is as much inferior to Emily as a poet as she is above her as a novelist. The joint volume which they published has, in consequence, a somewhat washy tinge. But if Emily Brontë's poems are read by themselves (which may easily be done, for her poems, and those of her sister Anne, are published separately at the end of Charlotte Brontë's posthumous novel, the *Professor*), it will be seen that strength is their most remarkable characteristic. Her creative power, it must be admitted, is not great; or, rather, there are scarcely any signs of it in her. But she has passion, energy of thought, and daring—the daring to lay hold of those problems which arise, not from a large experience, but from the very constitution of our being; she does not drivel or sentimentalize about them, as is the way with weak writers who put out feeble tentacles towards grand subjects and imagine they are thinking grandly, but places them straight before her eyes, and gazes at them with all the vision at her command. Hence, while in her sister

Anne's poems, which are often pathetic and pleasing, there is a recurrence of well-known phrases, the result of memory and not of invention, she, on the other hand, coins her phrases for herself; she knows that what she has to say is this and not that, and is not to be expressed by those vaguenesses which mean a great deal in general and nothing in particular. But to exercise a severe originality upon great subjects, not to shrink either from strangeness of thought or of expression, provided they are the natural product of the mind—these are not gifts likely to procure a large audience; and anything less likely to be popular than the greater number of Emily Brontë's poems it is impossible to conceive. Her strength was her weakness. She entrenched herself so resolutely in her isolation from mankind, that her communication with them was cut off. She said so emphatically, "I will be myself," that her sympathies were narrowed, and her knowledge of the language and tone of the world almost destroyed. If, either by gradual influences in her youth, or by some sudden blow when older, she had been forced out of the circle in which she was confined, so that her great feeling and originality could have flowed out upon the outer world, it is difficult to say what eminence she might not have attained. As it is, she will please only those who delight in originality for its own sake, and these she assuredly will please; and moreover, in extenuation of her defects, it is to be remembered that, if her original temperament was exclusive and self-centered, the circumstances in which she was placed were such that the most comprehensive mind would hardly have been able to develop, or even to maintain, itself under them. Let us quote a few passages from her poems. The following appears to be addressed to her genius, or imagination:—

Stern Reason is to judgment come,
Arrayed in all her forms of gloom;
Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb?
No, radiant angel, speak and say,
Why I did cast the world away,

Why I have persevered to shun
The common paths that others run,
And on a strange road journeyed on,
Heedless alike of wealth and power,
Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine;
And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,
And saw my offerings on their shrine;
But careless gifts are seldom prized,
And mine were worthily despised.

So with a ready heart I swore
To seek their altar-stone no more;
And gave my spirit to adore
Thee, ever present, phantom thing;
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

There is not much beauty here; but there is strength, which is a quality of more promise than any amount of beauty without strength. Mysticism is a common characteristic of her poems, yet wholly without affectation; it is the natural product of a mind that, without aid from others, strives to penetrate into the abstruse subjects of our being, our nature, and our happiness. Here are ten lines, mystical and beautiful. It is a prisoner that speaks:—

A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life eternal liberty.
He comes with western winds, with evening's
wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the
thickest stars.
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with
desire—

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe at counting future tears,
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or
thunderstorm.

But the following is the most touching of her poems; it is entitled "Remembrance":—

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled
above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer
hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves
cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had
perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

Let us turn to Miss Rossetti, of whom, as being considerably better known than Emily Brontë, we shall have proportionably less to say. In her we no longer find the inchoate, chaotic character of Emily Brontë's poetry; what she is, she is completely; she has reached, if we are not much mistaken, the highest point attainable by her. Feeling, with her, is absolutely predominant; there are no symptoms of any struggles of thought, of any intellectual range; and though these latter qualities are not absolutely essential to poetry, they endow it with a far greater power. Hence we do not think her naturally so strong a genius as Emily Brontë; but her imaginative power is decidedly greater. Their most prominent characteristic, intense personal feeling, is the same in both; nor is there in either any lightness, much less any satire or comedy; their most serious pieces are their best. Miss Rossetti does, it is true, make two or three most doleful attempts at being light and airy, such as "My Secret," and "No, thank you, John." We most sincerely hope that some day or other she may be induced to cut them out of her volume. We have spoken of her imaginative power; it is not always, perhaps, exercised in quite a healthy manner; but it is very genuine and remarkable. Here are instances of it. The mistress, on the threshold of the convent, bids farewell to her lover:—

If now you saw me you would say:
Where is the face I used to love?
And I would answer: Gone before;
It tarries veiled in paradise.
When once the morning star shall rise,
When earth with shadows flees away
And we stand safe within the door,
Then you shall lift the veil thereof.
Look up, rise up; for far above
Our palms are grown, our place is set;
There we shall meet as once we met,
And love with old familiar love.

Take, again, the following sonnet, entitled "After Death":—

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept

And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:

"Poor child, poor child:" and as he turned away

Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

Opinions are, we believe, divided as to the merit of Miss Rossetti's principal poem, "Goblin Market." To us its beauty appears unquestionable.

Mrs. Browning is too considerable a person to be dealt with fully in the space that is left to us. We can therefore here only make a few observations on her. That which distinguishes her from Emily Brontë and Christina Rossetti is the intense effort after objectivity, after downright portraiture, narration, description, which in the other two is entirely wanting. The poetry of women (unlike the novels written by women) has, from Sappho downwards, been almost entirely subjective and personal. Nor perhaps can any instance be given, besides Mrs. Browning, of a poetess who even attempted to escape from these limits. Was she successful in the endeavour? Not more than partially, we think. In *Aurora Leigh* there is no clearness; with plenty of excellent matter and fine enthusiasm, there is an utter absence of that quiet delineation, that decisive separation of the lines and avoidance of confusion, which is essential to good character-drawing, and of which no better instance can be found than Charlotte Brontë, a woman who in nature and power was by no means dissimilar to Mrs. Browning. The *Last Poems*, less ambitious than *Aurora Leigh*, are more successful; and none of her other poems can be thought even to approximate to the highest rank. Yet, with all drawbacks, she is far the greatest English poetess.

One more observation may be made. Why is it that, while the novels written by women approach so nearly in excellence to those written by men, the poetry of women should be so inferior? Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and "George Eliot" almost, if not quite, equal any men who can be set against them. The suffrages of the many would no doubt set Scott, Thackeray, and

Dickens above them; we are by no means certain that the suffrages of the few would incline the same way. But to compare Christina Rossetti, for instance, we do not say with Tennyson or Browning, but with Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Swinburne; can any one doubt that Mr. Arnold is as a poet far more complete, far more likely to endure, than Miss Rossetti? The difference is not in genius; on the contrary, we think Miss Rossetti's finest touches superior to anything that can be produced from Mr. Arnold. But there is a certain knack in poetry, as in other things, which is very different from genius, and the place of which cannot be supplied by genius; though genius is possibly a help towards acquiring it. Just in the same way, a man of first-rate abilities will often fail in conversation; nay, more than that, such a man will often converse in a manner that proves him to possess abilities, and yet his conversation will be all the while an utter failure. So in painting; this it is which, we understand, all foreign critics assert to be lacking in our artists. We do not express an opinion as to the justice of the accusation; but the seriousness of it seems quite misapprehended by English critics. And so, we presume, women, in writing poetry, draw their style from other women, and thus miss that largeness and universality which alone compels attention, and preserves a work through all changes of sentiment and opinion.

From The Examiner, 16 May.

AUSTRIA AND POLAND.

"GALICIA," said Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, in his recent speech, which has already given rise to various comments, "is henceforth the centre round which the other parts of Poland are to group themselves." In the opinion of the leader of the aristocratic section of the emigration, Austria, the present holder of Galicia, is the Power from which a revival of Polish nationality may be expected. Prince Czartoryski lays stress on the fact, that great freedom exists at present in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg, and that the Government at Vienna shows itself fully ready to grant an ample autonomy to the Polish province under its sway. The leaders of the Moderate party of the emigration have, however, always looked with hopeful eyes upon Austria, even before she was beaten into Liberalism in the harsh school of adversity. We may bring to recollection here that General Dembruski, during the insurrection

of 1863-64, in Russian Poland, wrote words much in the strain of Czartoryski's speech. It is true that Dembruski's expectations were doomed to sore disappointment. For a while, no doubt, the Austrian Government winked at Polish doings across the border; so much so that a corresponding jealousy arose on the part of Russia. We could easily give facts proving that, at that time, the agents of the "Secret National Government" at Warsaw were by no means treated with ill favour by the authorities of the Kaiser. But in proportion as the fortunes of the insurrection waned, a change occurred in the attitude of the Court of Vienna, until at last, with a view of humouring the Czar, it even consented to act the odious part of a jailer of Langiewicz.

In the interest of her self-preservation, Austria is by the nature of things driven to resist the encroachments of Russia in the East. Only, feeling herself weakened at home by various agencies, she has generally lacked the courage for decisive conduct in the most important crises. Thus she let slip the great opportunities of the War of Independence in Russian Poland in 1830, of the attack made upon the Muscovite Empire by the Western Powers some fourteen years ago, and of the last Polish insurrection. On all those occasions, Austria betrayed a certain desire to see Russia crippled; but she dared not act. It ought to be here remembered that to Austria the partition of the old Sarmatian commonwealth has never been productive of any benefit. On the contrary, it has, by bringing Russia closer to the frontiers of the Hapsburg realm, only served to create or increase, for the latter, the danger arising from the Pan-Slavonic movement. The true protection of Austria is the Carpathian wall. Galicia, situated outside that natural boundary, forms, strategically speaking, rather an element of weakness for the dominions of the Kaiser. Those who know the history of the partition are indeed well aware that it was not Austria which suggested that crime, however much such a consummation appears to fit into that Machiavelian policy which has characterised the Hapsburg race for some time past.

Since her defeat on the Bohemian battlefields, Austria has clearly turned over a new leaf. She tries to conciliate some of the nationalities of whose assistance she may stand in need, in case of the recurrence of danger. To speak correctly, we can no longer even employ the designation of "Austria" for the complex dominions under Francis Joseph's sway. In the relations between the Magyar realm and the so-called

Cis-Leithan countries, it has already become the fashion to speak of "The Austro-Hungarian State." The political distinction between the two separate bodies is thus indicated. There is no longer an "Austrian Empire"—at least, not in the opinion of the Hungarians; but there is a Hungarian kingdom on the one side, and a composite mass of "Austrian" territories on the other. It is, in technical State language, the system of dualism. Now the party which Prince Czartoryski represents, would fain convert this dualism into a "Trias," by conferring upon Galicia a full autonomy, and making it the nucleus of a revived Poland. To this idea the best Magyar patriots and German Liberals would readily assent, were it not that Prince Czartoryski clogs his proposal with the demand of "a large administrative autonomy of the Czechs, the Croats, and the Serbs," and with the suggestion of an alliance of the House of Hapsburg with France, for the purpose of effecting a Polish reconstitution. Among Germans the thought naturally arises, that in this manner a pro-Polish action of the Vienna Government would only facilitate the famous "duel" which Marshal Niel seeks to fight out with Prussia. This, however, we should say would be little to the taste of the Austrian Germans who have some feeling for their own Fatherland, though they are for the nonce politically separated from it. They, as well as the remainder of the Southern Germans, have preserved great sympathies for the Polish cause. Prince Czartoryski himself bears witness to that. But their desire to see justice done to a down-trodden nation does not go so far as to lend a helping hand to the ambitious views which Napoleon of France entertains, in the direction of the Rhine.

A circumstance is yet to be taken into account, which renders Austrian action, in the matter of Poland, somewhat more difficult than may even be assumed at a first glance. In Galicia there are two races, of nearly equal numerical strength—the Polish properly speaking, and the Ruthene or Rus-sine. The latter is chiefly found in the central, and to a certain extent also eastern part of the province; it forms there the bulk of the peasantry. Round Lemberg, the capital, the Ruthenes are most thickly grouped. In religion they belong to the schismatic Greek Church, but their priests are much in connection with the "orthodox" Muscovite propaganda. In race, the Ruthenes stand intermediate between the Polish and the Russian stock; and, according to locality, they have either more affin-

ity with the former, or with the latter. Thus there are Ruthene dialects approaching the Polish, and some that have relationship with the Russian tongue. This occurs not only in Galicia, but also in that part of the old Polish kingdom which is under the dominion of the Czar. It is on this floating, undefined national element, that the exertions of the emissaries from Moscow and St. Petersburg are chiefly brought to bear. As for the true Poles, or "Lechs," they are looked upon by the Russians, and some of their affiliates among the Ruthene ultras, as mere intruders, to be got under or ejected.

Unfortunately, Prince Metternich, some twenty-two years ago, when the Polish patriotic movement became troublesome in Galicia, made the crudest use of the brutishness in which the Ruthene peasantry was then sunk. Frightful massacres, by hired bands of assassins, took place, under the leadership of the notorious Szela. By such means Galicia was pacified. A few

years later, during the German Revolution of 1848-49, the Ruthenes once more served the Hapsburg crown as a counterpoise to the Poles, in the Reichstag at Vienna. In the subsequent Reichsrath, which was introduced by the Schmerling Constitution, the Ruthene deputies of Galicia played the part over again. At the Diet of Lemberg itself, bickerings between the Poles and the Ruthene ultras—always brought about by the latter—have been of frequent occurrence. Thanks to the altered policy of the Government at Vienna, there is, however, less acrimony now between those "hostile brothers." Still, it will be seen, from what we have indicated, that a pro-Polish movement which has Galicia for its basis, labours under some disadvantage, that province being ethnologically, as it were, broken in twain, or at least split into two marked nuances which do not very well agree together.

THE LAUREATE'S NEW POEM.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has just published, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a poem called *Lucretius*. It will be read by everybody because it is written by the Laureate, and it should be read by everybody, firstly, for that good reason, and secondly, because it is a poem of singular beauty and power. Now, as *Mr. Punch* is ever anxious to assist the Diner-Out, that person is recommended to arm himself for inevitable cross-examination by young ladies, who desire or pretend to desire information upon the subject of and the allusions in this poem, now the talk of society. Diner-Out will do well to get the poem, and with the aid of Dr. William Smith's classical dictionary, and some consideration, enable himself to answer the following questions:—

1. Who was Lucretius, and in what year
- a. c. did that Roman poet live?
2. What is the Hexameter?
3. Who was his Teacher, and what were the 300 scrolls left by Epicurus?
4. What is a love-philtre?
5. What is the Atomic Theory?
6. Who was Sylla, who was Helen, who was Venus?
7. Who was Mavors, and had he anything to do with a spelling-book?
8. Who was the great Sicilian poet?
9. Who was Kyprius, and why was she so called?
10. What was the theory of Lucretius about the gods?
11. Should Hyperion be pronounced as *Hamlet* pronounces it?
12. Who was Plato?

13. Who were Picus and Faunus, and were they related?
14. What is an Oread?
15. What is a Satyr?
16. Who was Lucretia?
17. What is cosmic order?
18. Explain "the Ixionian wheel," and the "Fury's ringlet snake."
19. Why does Lucretius kill himself?
20. Is Lucilla to be pardoned or condemned?

Having mastered which points, Diner-Out may go out to dinner.

—*Punch*.

LIME AND LEMON JUICE FOR MERCHANT SHIPS.

—The *Standard* has the following:—After the 1st January, 1868, merchant ships are to carry lime juice mixed with fifteen per cent. of rum, and it is to be served out to the crew daily in proportions named in the new Merchant Shipping Act. Before the juice is allowed to be shipped for the use of the crew it is to be inspected, reported on, fortified, and certified to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade. We have reason to hope that that terrible scourge of our mercantile navy, sea scurvy, will be eradicated by the use of good lime juice. "We learn that Sunderland is the first place at which lime juice has been inspected under the new Act, and that a report has been sent in by the Board of Trade officer to the effect that the lime juice there is proper and fit in every respect. This is satisfactory, as there were doubts whether lemon or lime juice would be forthcoming at the last moment."



